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FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JUNE 2007

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TELLS YOU WHAT SHE WANTS

WOMEN WHO KILL: KARLA HOMOLKA

GIRLS OF MYSPACE: CASCA

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ANTHRAX ATTACKS ON CONGRESS: NEOCON PLOT?

POW WOW COMEDY JAM
INDIAN COMICS ON THE WARPATH

JUNE 2007

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GEORGE AND SADDAM

Saddam Hussein is executed, and once again the news media skirt the real story: It was George W. Bush—working through his Iraqi puppet, Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki—who sent Saddam to the gallows. So desperate was Bush to show at least some token accomplishment in Iraq before announcing his plan to increase troop levels that he even had the execution carried out during a Sunni holiday, knowing this would further inflame Muslim passions. (It was an added bonus that many secrets of the Reagan/George H. W. Bush government's dealings with Saddam also died with the deposed dictator.)

The foregoing assertion is, by my way of thinking, beyond dispute. Al-Maliki had nothing to gain from rushing the execution. Only George W. Bush (and his cohorts) did.

Bush will stop at nothing to keep this war going. More U.S. troops and Iraqi civilians will die; more American dollars will be wasted. Yet the news media remain silent on the subject, staring out of the TV screen at us with a lump in their trousers.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

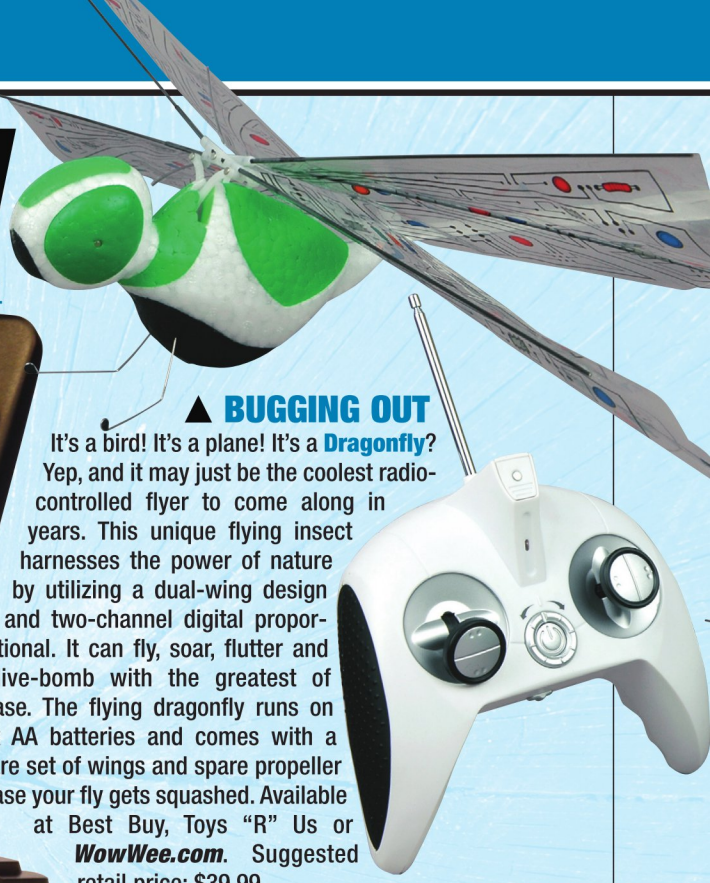
BY KEITH VALCOURT

PHONE SEX ▶

If you are tired of high bills for your long-distance calls, then you should check this internet phone out. The **PHIP65** allows you to make free PC-to-PC long-distance calls on the Web to anyone using the Skype technologies. It also lets you make calls to non-Skype users at a reduced long-distance rate. The phone has ten different ringtones and an extended battery life of eight hours talk time and 110 hours stand-by time. Plus, it features a digital clock and alarm on the headset. Available at ***auviUSA.com***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

▲ BUGGING OUT

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a **Dragonfly**? Yep, and it may just be the coolest radio-controlled flyer to come along in years. This unique flying insect harnesses the power of nature by utilizing a dual-wing design and two-channel digital proportional. It can fly, soar, flutter and dive-bomb with the greatest of ease. The flying dragonfly runs on six AA batteries and comes with a spare set of wings and spare propeller in case your fly gets squashed. Available at Best Buy, Toys "R" Us or ***WowWee.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.99.

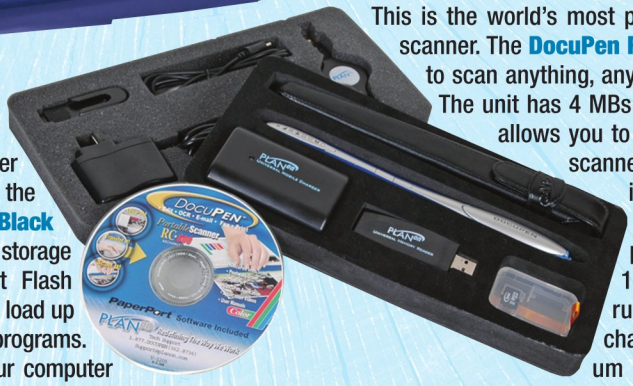


◀ BACK IN BLACK

This sleek little MP3 player offers a stylish option to the iPod monopoly. The **NEXBlack** has infinite memory and storage expansion via a Compact Flash card Microdrive. It is easy to load up your tunes without complex programs. Simply plug the unit into your computer via a superfast USB 2.0 cord to click and drag the tunes into your player. The player runs on 2 AA batteries and comes with a built-in FM radio. Forget the Pod. Get black. Available at ***FrontierLabs.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

▲ TAKE A MEMO

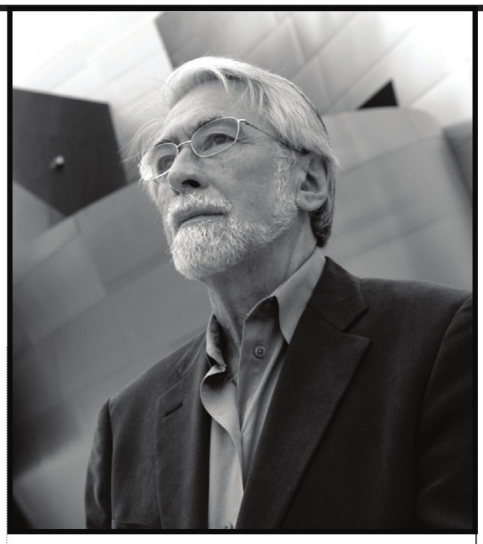
This is the world's most portable full-size scanner. The **DocuPen R700** allows you to scan anything, anytime, anywhere. The unit has 4 MBs of memory that allows you to store up to 200 scanned documents. It is about the size of an average pen, weighs only 1.75 ounces and runs on a rechargeable lithium ion battery. As a bonus, the **DocuPen R700** package comes with software to manage documents and connect to other popular programs, including *Outlook*, *Acrobat*, *PowerPoint* and *Excel*. Available at ***PLANon.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.



◀ HEAD ON

Logitech, a leader in portable audio accessories, brings you the latest in wireless headphones. The free pulse wireless headphones are perfect for your iPod or other MP3 player. They weigh only 2.1 ounces and are highly flexible and durable with a high-carbon, spring-steel headband. They are comfortable and feature a minimalist behind-the-head design. They also include a powerful bass boost feature that delivers intensified bass performance. No more wires to get tangled in. Free your music. Free your head. Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.99.

WHY HABEAS CORPUS MATTERS



THE ULTIMATE MEASURE of just how dangerous the reign of George Bush has been to our basic freedoms was documented in January at a packed hearing of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Provoking the shock and anger of the committee's deputy chair, Republican Senator Arlen Specter, Attorney General Alberto Gonzalez had the temerity to insist that the right of habeas corpus—that basic principle of English common law enshrined in the Magna Carta guaranteeing prisoners the right to appear in a court of law to have their case reviewed—is NOT one of the rights protected by the U.S. Constitution, which Gonzalez took an oath to enforce.

"There is no express grant of habeas in the Constitution," Gonzalez insisted, while lamely conceding that, in that sacred document, "There's a prohibition against taking it away…." To which a flabbergasted Spector responded, "Wait a minute. Wait a minute. The Constitution says you can't take it away except in cases of rebellion or invasion. Doesn't that mean you have the right of habeas corpus unless there is an invasion or rebellion?"

Gonzales did not appear any more perturbed at being caught in an egregious violation of America's tradition of liberty than he had been at previous Congressional hearings during which he defended torture and illegal wiretapping. This time, however, his rationale was more sweeping and therefore more ominous in its implication. What our nation's top law enforcement officer argued—and bear with me because his logic is quite bizarre—is that because the Constitution refers to habeas corpus as a right that can be suspended in the midst of a rebellion or invasion, that it is not a basic right at all.

"I meant by that comment, the Constitution doesn't say every individual in the United States or every citizen is hereby granted or assured the right to habeas," said Gonzalez. "Doesn't say that. It simply says the right of habeas corpus shall not be suspended except—" At which point he was cut off by an exasperated Spector, who accused him of "violating common sense."

Worse, Gonzales espoused a philosophy that would strip away most of the guarantees of our Bill of Rights, for they too are affirmed only by the negative prohibition restricting Congress from interfering with what was assumed by the Founders to be obvious basic human rights established by the Enlightenment.

As Senator Patrick Leahy, the Democrat who heads the Judiciary Committee, put it pointedly to Gonzales: "Many of our most cherished rights are guaranteed by the Constitution in much the same way. For example, the First Amendment is also a negative construction. It prohibits Congress from making laws infringing on religious freedom and our freedom of speech, but you wouldn't say that it doesn't guarantee free speech and religion."

In fact, the Ninth Amendment to the Constitution clearly establishes that rights are assumed unless clearly taken away: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

But why is Gonzalez not only confused but indeed desperate in asserting an obviously invalid legal doctrine? How could someone presumably well-versed in the country's legal traditions—and officially pledged to uphold them—be so oblivious as to their essence? Commenting on this mystery, John Dean, former White House counsel in the Nixon Administration, wrote on FindLaw.com of Gonzalez's sorry performance: "I must confess that watching his testimony makes me deeply uncomfortable. Gonzalez does not seem to know when he is making a fool of himself, and I can't tell if he is suffering from empty-suit syndrome or an unhealthy case of hubris."

Unfortunately, there is a lot more at stake here than one man's reputation for intelligence. Not content to just obnoxiously insult the basis of our civil democracy, the Bush Administration has acted as if there are no restraints on its behavior, as when it decided to illegally wiretap Americans even when a secret judicial review process was already in place, hold a U.S. citizen indefinitely as "an enemy combatant," and give no due process to hundreds held in Guantanamo Bay without charge or prisoner of war status.

As with torture, the denial of habeas corpus—basically, the threat that you will never have your day in court and be imprisoned for the rest of your life—is clearly counterproductive to getting at the truth concerning the dangers we face as a nation. It is a proven axiom of law enforcement that witnesses who testify under terrible duress tell their inquisitors what they want to hear rather than the truth. But if the purpose of the interrogation is to exploit the crime—in this case, the tragedy of 9/11—for political advantage, then the truth is not what the prosecutor is after.

We know from even the limited information made available through the 9/11 Commission that none of the key prisoners interrogated have confirmed the Administration's portrayal of the roots of the attack. Most importantly, they deny any connection between Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein and therefore their testimony in an open court in accordance with habeas corpus requirements would embarrass the administration and possibly our allies in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere.

In other words, these witnesses have been kept out of sight precisely because their day in court, while not in any way exonerating any crimes they may have committed, would nonetheless expose the lies of the administration as well.

"We have a situation. President Ford has fallen out of his casket!"

Crissy Crush

I'm a newcomer to your magazine, and I just finished enjoying your December '06 issue with Crissy Moran on the cover. She's the reason I bought it. Beautiful tits!

Thanks for printing "vital facts" with all your models. The extra info makes me even hornier for them! Please give us more photos of Crissy.

Also, any chance of getting more shots of *Beaver Hunt* girl Jessica? Keep up the good work! **—P.A.**

Bristol, Connecticut

Whack Job

Like everyone else, I heard about O.J. Simpson's book *If I Did It*. Immediately, my mind drifted back to around '94-95, when Simpson had a book titled *I Want to Tell You*. Didn't HUSTLER run a cartoon that changed the title to *I Want to Tell You How I Cut That Bitch Up*? If so, one could surmise

Simpson was sitting around the house going through his back issues of America's Magazine and ripped you off!

—Wylie Hnat

Iowa City, Iowa

We took a jab at O.J. in a November '95 photo parody titled "I Want to Tell You, I'm Glad I Killed You, You White Bitch."

Unrighteous Rage

Larry Flynt: Knowing the type of person you are—a liberal Democrat—tells me that I am definitely in the right political party: a true-blue, God-loving, Republican American!

People like you are destroying America. You have no respect for the country or those who fight to protect it. Go join the Muslims—you belong with your own kind.

This country was founded on a belief in God. You have done everything in your power to deny and degrade that fact. Repent or be damned, you impotent, lame, fat, ugly bastard.

Vote Republican in '08!

—Anonymous

Durango, Colorado

Holy Christ, you seriously need to get laid! Thanks for proving once again that the Religious Right is a frustrated, hypocritical, cowardly bunch. You didn't even have the balls to sign your own letter!

Amero Alarm

Hooray for your open, aggressive reporting on all the dishonest, backdoor crap that is going on with our government, especially our so-called President.

On that note, I'm hearing of a "secret" collaboration to merge Mexico, the U.S. and Canada into the North American Union, where borders will be lifted, Mexicans given U.S. citizenship and our currency converted to a new form of money called "Ameros."

This is another scheme of President Dubya's, and I hear [former President] Clinton is in on this too. Apparently, 20-plus committees are already working

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

We'd like to commend your crew for providing the very best in adult literature, humor and, above all, pictorials. You guys have gotten us through many deployments. While many of the other mags hop around today's issues like a bunny, you get straight to the point—no sugar coating. The *Publisher's Statement*, which we refer to as "Larry's Page," is always something we end up bullshitting about during downtime when we're not out running convoys and trying not to get blown up by a roadside bomb. We bring a new meaning to "drive it like you stole it." Out here it's "drive to survive." My boys have asked me to write you guys to see if we could get something to replenish our stash of gash. We managed to get a 2006 issue, but it's getting pretty beat up from everyone taking it to the porta-shitter to test fire the handheld wrist missile. We're unable to access civilian-based Internet to order, a subscription is too long for deployment, and the government Internet here is off limits to any site where we could get the shit. Not to mention this fucked-up shithole of a country doesn't sell anything remotely close to nudity! Also, we aim to take care of the poor bastards replacing us in six months with an updated labia library while we are homebound for real poon and cold beer. Waiting to see some fresh, wet American growlers. Semper Snatch**!**

—U.S. Marines Dusty, Crusty Trucker Trash, et al., Somewhere in Iraq

We're always glad to support a great library system. Fresh supplies are on the way, gentlemen!

on this, and some agreement was signed in Waco, Texas.

Cut your investigative reporters loose on this one, Larry.

—H.T.
Virginia Beach, Virginia

The agreement you mentioned was actually a joint statement by George W. Bush, then-Mexican President Vicente Fox and then-Canadian Prime Minister Paul Martin at a trilateral summit in Waco on March 23, 2005.

The meeting was part of the Security and Prosperity Partnership (SPP.gov), which is an ongoing plan to integrate the entire continent in a way that will benefit multinational corporations. The SPP also envisions joint emergency management, which sounds ominous to many skeptics.

The Horrors of Horowitz

Thanks for giving David Horowitz enough rhetorical rope to hang himself in his debate with HUSTLER (January '07). The more he talks, the more obvious it is that he's a reactionary in the true sense of the word. All he does is lash out at the Leftist opposition, even when he comes off sounding like a hypocrite. The reactionaries of old did the same thing: They defended the aristocracy and the ruling elite even when the rulers were obviously screwing the working class, and everybody knew it.

Horowitz's loyalty to Bush smacks of the same kind of king worship. Bush proclaimed himself a "war president" so he could be above the law. Horowitz applauds that, saying things like "to conduct a scorched-earth campaign against a sitting commander in chief in the midst of a war is to stab the troops in the back." He doesn't seem to care that the whole thing is based on lies and greed in the first place.

He also accuses liberal professors of indoctrinating their students, but all he seems to want to do is indoctrinate everyone with the belief that unregulated capitalism is "great" and that it makes "poor people comfortable." Tell that to the families on skid row and the washed out former residents of New Orleans!

At least Horowitz isn't politically correct (one thing he has in common with HUSTLER). He's obviously a guy who says whatever he wants and relies on freedom of speech to let him do it. And he wasn't afraid to sit down with his enemies and debate. But let's not fool ourselves: If David Horowitz ran things, we could kiss freedom of speech goodbye. Like other right-wingers, he's already talking about locking people up who speak out against the war. He claims our civil liberties aren't being eroded and says in the same breath that the *New York Times* should be prosecuted!

I suspect Horowitz's hypocrisy is more of a personal issue than a political one. His moral compass is completely out of whack. He'd probably be just as reactionary if he had stayed a Leftist. **—A.J.**
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Fair Fight

You guys obviously tried to tear David Horowitz a new asshole, but he held his own.

I love my freedom, but Horowitz is right that it's always a trade-off. As the bumper sticker says, freedom ain't free.

He also admitted that Bush really fucked up on Katrina and that lots of CEOs should be in jail. I think Horowitz and HUSTLER have more in common than you think. **—M.W.**
Schenectady, New York

Discriminating Taste

I'm picking Celeste for 2006's Beaver of the Year. This gorgeous firefighter could enter a room and *start* a fire just by the heat coming off her great body.

I'd like to see more boy/girl pictorials, especially with Caucasian men and Asian women, as Asians are the only women I make love to. **—M.W.**
Vallejo, California

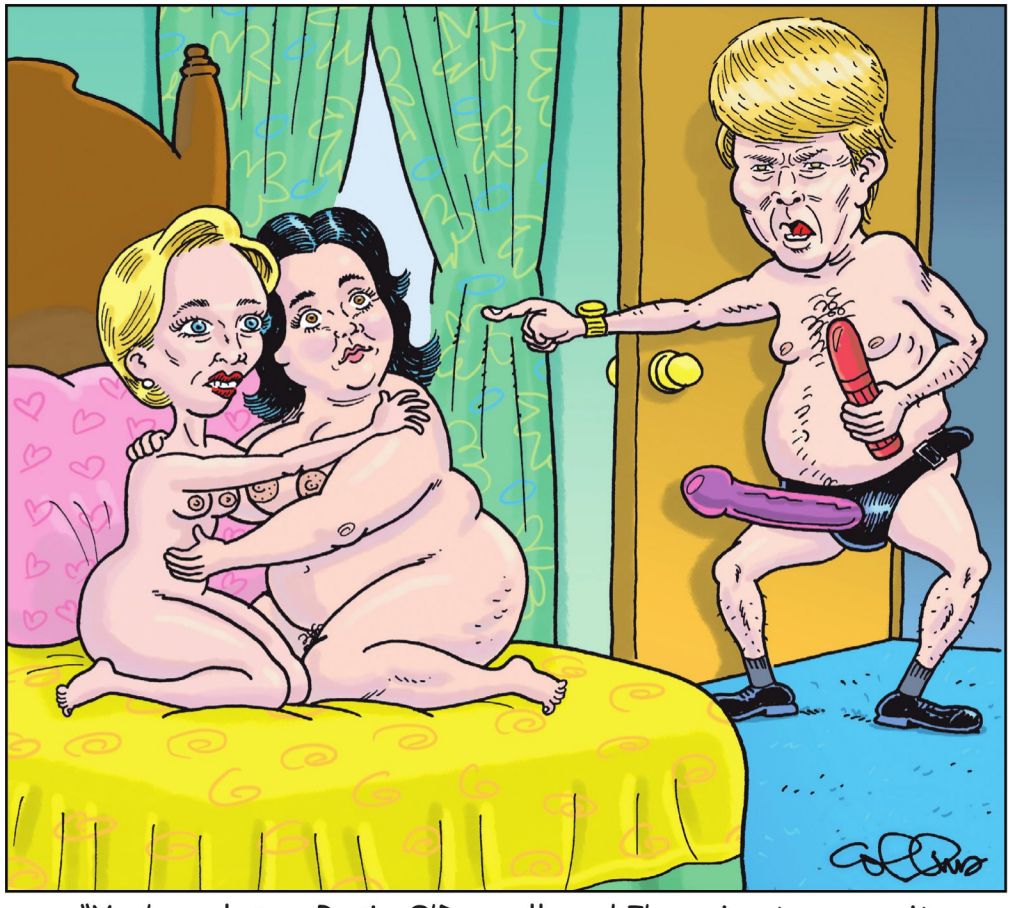
Stumping for Beavers

Lexis Lane is by far the number one Beaver in my book. Yes, Celeste is very, very nice, but not in the same class as Lexis.

However, the gal I'd really like to give my vote to is Brittney Ray (September '06), but unfortunately she's not on the ballot. That backside shot of her just tripped my trigger!

—A.M.
Castle Rock, Colorado

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.



"You're a loser, Rosie O'Donnell, and I'm going to prove it by stealing your lesbo lover, Kelli Carpenter!"

Pfizer

Safer Drugs For Whiter People.

You don't have to worry about Pfizer drugs and medications being safe. We've repeatedly tested them on unsuspecting, exploited poor people in Third World countries like Peru and South Africa. We were able to get away with this because regulations there are so much more lax than they are in the USA. What do you care if thousands of unsuspecting brown people have died or been left permanently injured in the process? You're white and living in the USA, so it's not a problem for you.

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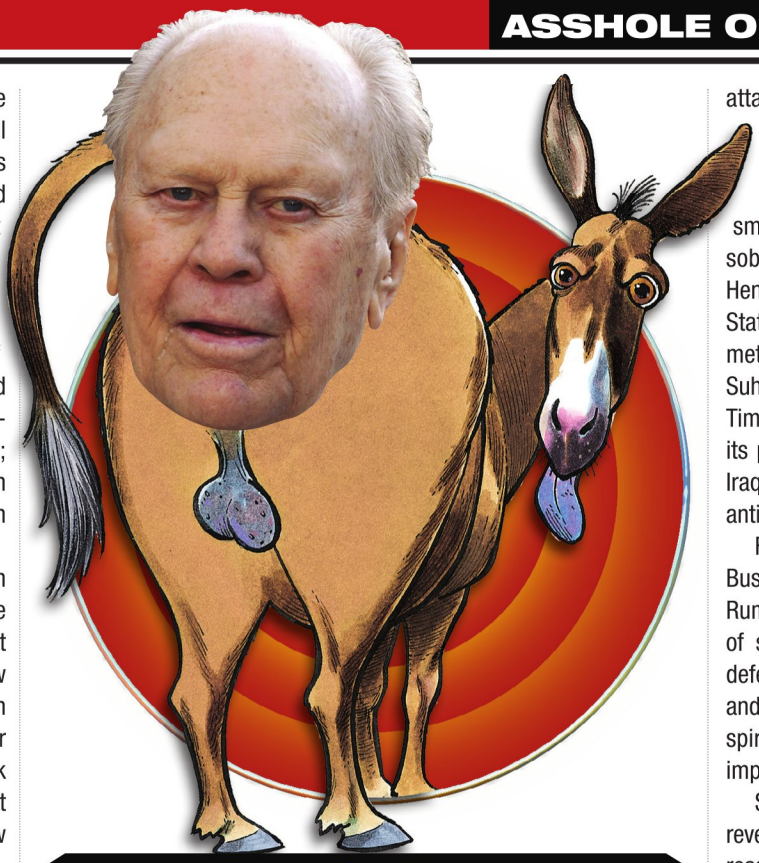


Gerald Ford

It's impolite to speak ill of the dead, but for **Gerald Ford** we'll make an exception. After his death in December, politicos and pundits lauded the 38th President as "beloved," a "healer" and "ordinary man" of "integrity." Columnist David Brooks had the balls to claim Ford's pardoning of disgraced ex-President Richard Nixon "is now universally celebrated." Speak for yourself, fuckhead; you're as wrong about the Nixon pardon as you were (by your own admission) about the Iraq War.

Ford, a Michigan congressman pussywhipped by his alcoholic wife Betty, was appointed Vice President by Nixon after Veep Spiro Agnew pled "no contest" to corruption charges. Facing impeachment for the Watergate scandal, Tricky Dick resigned the Presidency in August 1974. That September, Ford, now President, "grant[ed] a full, free, and absolute pardon unto Richard Nixon for all offenses…" (No wonder Betty drank!)

Apparently a *quid pro quo* deal, Nixon left office, making Ford President, contingent upon Ford's using his executive clemency powers to save Nixon's ass. (We discount Ford's denial a deal was cut.) Otherwise, Nixon could have faced charges for high crimes and misdemeanors, possibly including: subverting democracy, illegal surveillance and more. Ford was more heel than healer.

"Law and order" advocate Nixon should have been held to the same standard as any other citizen. But Ford's craven clemency meant there'd be no law and order for Nixon—or justice for America. If convicted, Nixon should have been executed or sentenced to life.

By allowing Nixon to escape scot-free, Ford set a disastrous Presidential precedent. In George W. Bush's eulogy for Ford, Dubya declared: "[H]e made the tough and decent decision to pardon President Nixon…"

Ford's exoneration of Nixon didn't spare us from "our long national nightmare"—the pardon extended it, encouraging future Presidents to believe they're above the law. Ford's successors used pardon power to control aides. Ollie North, of the Iran-Contra scandal, kept silent in exchange for Bush Senior's 1992 pardon. Today, V.P. Cheney is dangling a possible pardon for Scooter Libby to ensure his former chief of staff lies and doesn't testify against him during Libby's trial in connection with the CIA leak case.

Bush Junior thinks he can act with impunity, trampling our Constitution, recklessly waging war. Just as Nixon got away with escalating the Vietnam War into Laos and Cambodia, days after Ford's death, Bush deployed more troops to Iraq, U.S. aircraft bombed Somalia, soldiers attacked Iran's Kurdistan consulate, and naval forces were dispatched near Iran.

Ford, outshone by his far smarter wife (when she was sober), retained war criminal Henry Kissinger as Secretary of State. After Ford and Kissinger met with Southeast Asian dictator Suharto, Indonesia invaded East Timor, exterminating one-third of its population. Ford also enabled Iraq's regime to wage a bloody anti-Kurd counterinsurgency.

Ford appointed George H.W. Bush CIA Director and Donald Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney chiefs of staff. ("Scumsfeld" was also defense secretary.) Under Ford, and later Bush Junior, they conspired to solidify a dictatorial imperial Presidency.

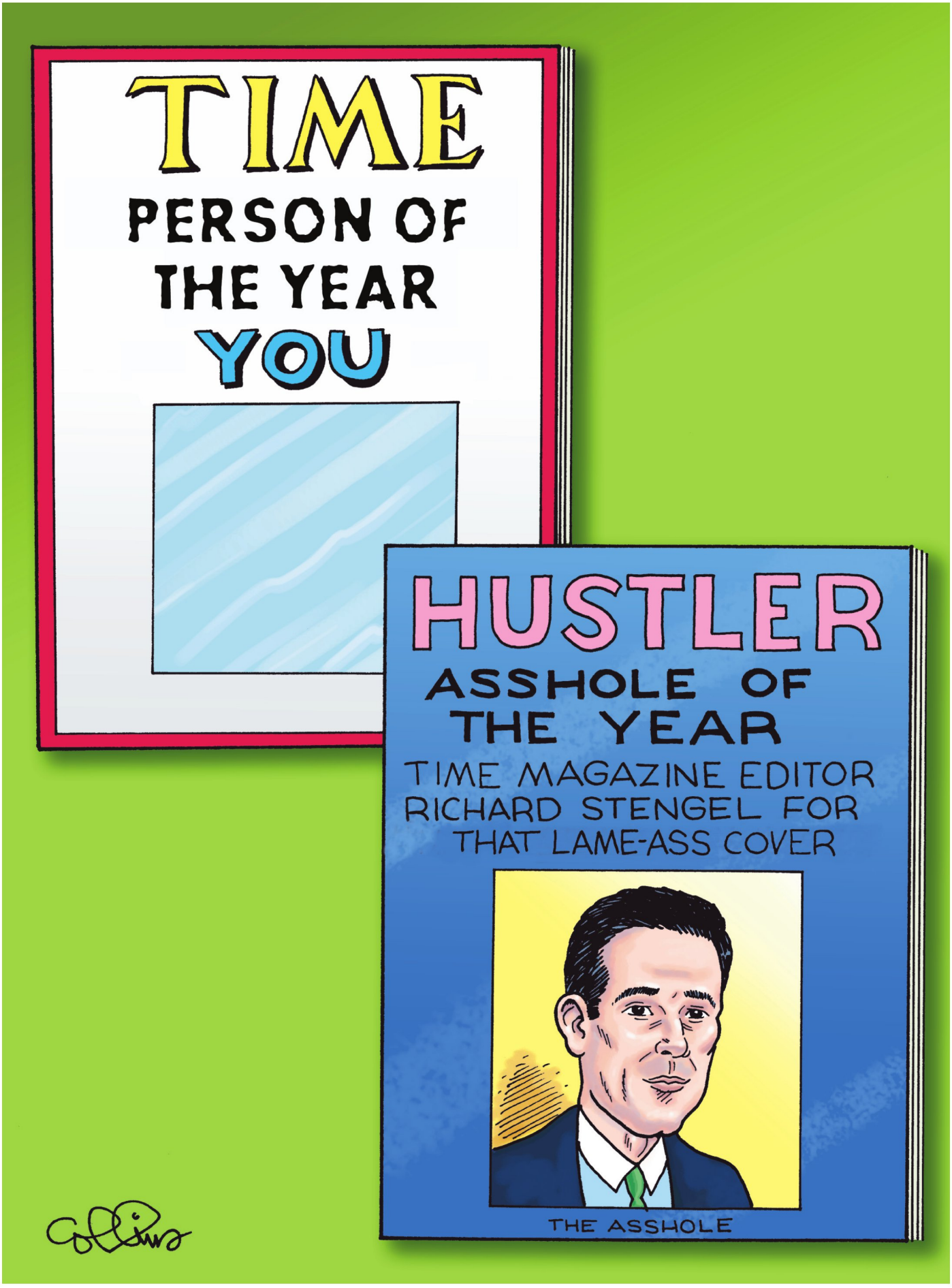
Shortly after his death, it was revealed that Ford criticized Bush's reasons for invading Iraq, plus Rumsfeld and Cheney, but stipulated that his comments could only be released posthumously. The gutless ex-Prez wouldn't publicly criticize the Bush Administration's war policies or privately express dismay to Rumsfeld and Cheney. Ford's silence may have cost countless American and Iraqi lives.

The bumbling moron from Grand Rapids set in motion a nightmarish scenario still playing out today. Decades later, we continue paying for Ford's legacy and lunacy: unaccountable leadership and the Republican appointees from hell. It's ironic this nonentity triggered such a devastating chain of events.

Farts in the Wind

After Minnesota Democrat Keith Ellison, Congress's first Muslim, announced he'd use a Koran at his swearing in, Virginia's Republican Congressman **Virgil Goode** wrote: "[I]f American citizens don't wake up and adopt [my] position on immigration, there will likely be many more Muslims elected…demanding the use of the Koran. We need to stop illegal immigration totally…[W]e will have many more Muslims [here] if we do not adopt…strict immigration policies…necessary…to prevent [us] from being swamped." Ellison, an African American, had the last laugh on the *no-Goode-nik*: Ellison took the oath of office using Thomas Jefferson's Koran. (Goode's congressional district includes Monticello—Jefferson's plantation.) Unfortunately for wannabe Klansman Goode, slavery's finished.

Saddam Hussein may have been a butcher, but for decades he was *our* mass murderer. Hussein's bloody start was a botched 1959 CIA plot to assassinate Iraq's pro-Soviet Prime Minister, Qasim. The CIA helped Hussein escape, then trained and subsidized him in Beirut and Egypt. After Qasim's 1963 overthrow, Hussein's executioners slaughtered CIA-fingered Iraqi Communists. Saddam became Iraq's secret police chief, then, in 1979, president. During the 1980-88 Iran-Iraq War, Hussein was a U.S. pawn used against Tehran's Islamicist regime. One million-plus people died during this conflict, wherein the CIA gave intelligence from Saudi AWACS to Saddam. In 1983, Presidential envoy Donald Rumsfeld met Hussein in Baghdad. In 1984, Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz met with President Reagan in Washington. The U.S. ignored Hussein's chemical weapons use, improving relations with Baghdad until Iraq's 1990 invasion of Kuwait. Along with many other crimes, Hussein deserved execution for being stupid enough to collaborate with U.S. imperialism.


TIME
PERSON OF
THE YEAR
YOU
HUSTLER
ASSHOLE OF
THE YEAR
TIME MAGAZINE EDITOR
RICHARD STENGEL FOR
THAT LAME-ASS COVER
THE ASSHOLE

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Kylie Wilde

Sunny Lane, Ernest Greene, Justine Joli, Nina Hartley and Anastasia Pierce.

O What A Party!

ADAM & EVE PICTURES hosted an evening of fun and bondage at Boardner's of Hollywood nightclub for the release of its newest DVD, *Story of O*. On hand at the fetish party were the flick's director, Ernest Greene, and several of its stars, including Nina Hartley, Justine Joli and Carmen Luvana.

Carmen Luvana

"Sex is God's joke on human beings." —BETTE DAVIS, ACTRESS

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

Blue Balls

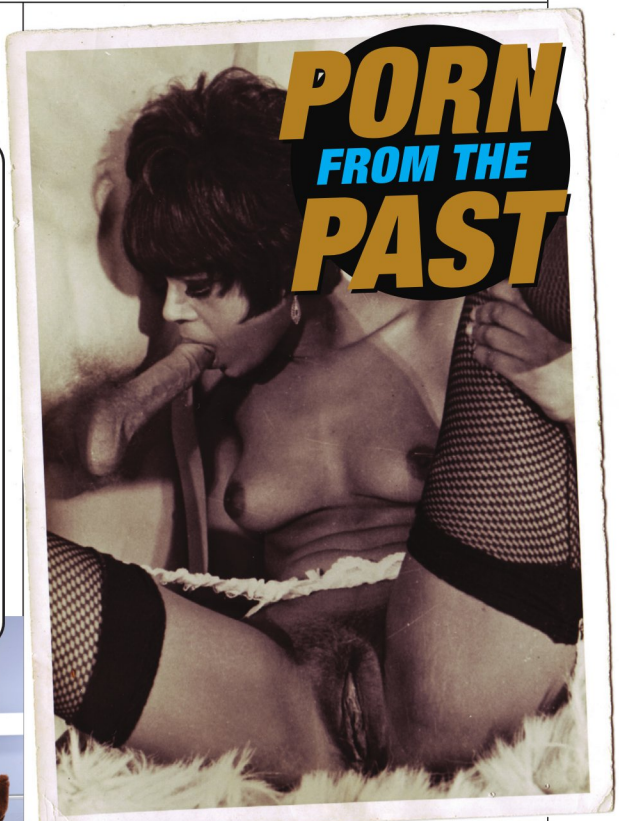
WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT SMURFETTE might be a bit of a slut. How else would you explain that all the little blue men in the village were always happy with just one girl around? We are sad to see she has gained a few pounds, but glad she still has a keen fashion sense.

Thanks to the folks at *Saturday Night Live* for giving us props and dressing her in HUSTLER gear for their Smurfette parody.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Vacation Tips

#1: TSA screeners have no sense of humor. Unless the feel of latex-covered fingers in your ass makes you crack up, can the jokes.

PORN FROM THE PAST



Thanks and $150 go to P.B. of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, for this slice of "Chocolate Love." Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"With women, I've got a long bamboo pole with a leather loop on the end of it. I slip the loop around their necks so they can't get away or come too close. Like catching snakes." —MARLON BRANDO, ACTOR

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Gwen Stefani LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WE DON'T CARE MUCH for the music of pop tart Gwen Stefani, but we have always wondered what the former No Doubt singer would look like with a fleshy microphone in her perfect puss. Behold! Now she's finally singing *our* song.

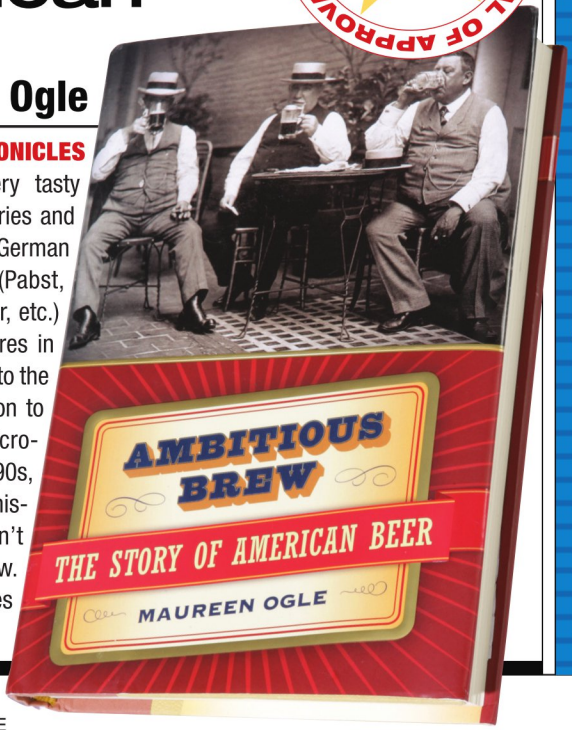
DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Gwen Stefani actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. It is a federal offense to masturbate to this image.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Ambitious Brew: The Story of American Beer

By Maureen Ogle

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL



▶**THIS BOOK CHRONICLES THE BIRTH** of a very tasty industry. From the stories and struggles behind the German immigrant brewers (Pabst, Anheuser-Busch, Miller, etc.) who came to our shores in the early 19th century to the dark days of Prohibition to the explosion of microbrews in the late 1990s, *Ambitious Brew* is a history lesson you won't find too hard to swallow. Available at bookstores everywhere.

NEWS BABES

ROBIN MEADE is the smoking-hot host of her own daily CNN show, *Robin & Company*, from 6 to 10 am. The busty brunette makes it very easy to get up in the morning.

Thanks to G.E. for submitting this talking head. To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

It's His Brand

How do you let your new spouse know on your wedding night that your love is forever? Well, one 54-year-old guy did it the old-fashioned way by forcefully branding his initials into the ass of his new 22-year-old wife with a cattle iron. Apparently the blushing bride was not pleased and went to a local women's rights organization. The husband's defense? He wanted to make sure everyone knew the woman was "his." We know it's illegal and wrong, but can you really blame a guy for making his mark?

Cooped Up

There are lots of ways to deal with a cheating woman, but this one may be the strangest. A 72-year-old Romanian man was arrested and charged with unlawful imprisonment after he locked his 72-year-old wife up in a chicken coop for a week for messing around. She remained imprisoned there until her neighbors helped her escape and go to the police. We don't know what is most wrong: the fact that the woman was in a chicken coop for seven days or that she was 72 years old and cheated?

For the Troops

Talk about your care package from home! A female politician in The Netherlands is trying to pass a resolution that would allow Dutch prostitutes to be sent to Afghanistan as an "extra benefit" for soldiers. She feels that the whores will help the troops "relax and let off some steam." Fuck Bob Hope and the USO; this is what soldiers really need.

Panty Raid

The Ann Arbor, Michigan, area was rocked recently by a crime wave. It wasn't murder or grand theft auto that left the community nervous. It was panty pilfering. A man approached two young women and asked for their underwear. He claimed he needed the unmentionables for a scavenger hunt. When they refused, he ripped the panties off them and ran away. At press time the culprit is still at large, and police are looking for help. They say he is a light-skinned African American, 18 to 20 years old, standing six feet tall and was last seen clutching several pairs of women's underwear.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

Thanks to Joe's Jeans for always being a source for found porn. This billboard is the latest in a long line of sexy advertisements for a pants company that doesn't feature pants!

CAMP COULTER?!

LUCKILY, ANN COULTER doesn't actually run a cabin in a summer camp. If she did, we could only imagine the horrified look on the faces of the campers when that conservative she-male beast showed up in short-shorts.

Thanks to HUSTLER cartoonist Bob Muleady for this shot from a summer vacation gone wrong.

"If it weren't for pickpockets I'd have no sex life at all." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMIC LEGEND

"I don't know, I don't care, and it doesn't make any difference." —JACK KEROUAC, BEAT WRITER

Sunny Lane

Keisha

Taylor Wane

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Up Our Alley

P.A.W. (PROTECT ADULT WELFARE) held its bare bowling event recently. This annual get-together gives fans a chance to meet, greet and bowl with topless porn starlets. Gals on hand this year included Sunny Lane, Keisha and Taylor Wane.

THE HUSTLER LIFESTYLE IS HERE!

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HustlersTaboo.com
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ONLINE GAMING
HustlerCasino.com

INFORMATION SITES
LarryFlynt.com
HustlerCasinoLA.com
HustlerClubs.com
HustlerLingerie.com
HustlerClothingUS.com

#3: Catching lobster at the beach can be great. Catching crabs...not so much.

EVERYBODY LOVES **HUSTLER**

ESPECIALLY 1980S METAL GODS Twisted Sister. Check out our exclusive interview with frontman Dee Snider and guitarist J.J. French in this month's *Aural Pleasures* section on page 106.

That Takes the Cake

IF YOU'RE PLANNING on tying the knot (we send our condolences), you might want to check out these interchangeable cake toppers. The porcelain figures are available in various ethnicities and sexual preferences. We suggest the lesbian brides because there is nothing hotter than some miniature girl-on-girl action on top of a wedding cake. Okay, that didn't sound right.

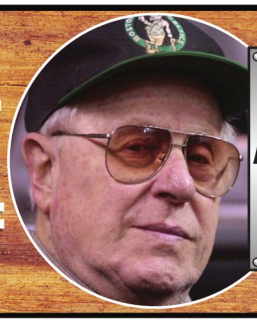
Sign of the Times

IS THIS JUST THE CASE of someone with an unfortunate name passing away or an angry spouse getting the last word forever? Either way: Goodbye and rest in peace, UDick.

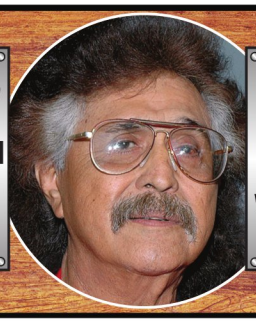
Thanks to A.L. of Blue Island, Illinois, for sending this in. Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

HUSTLER

WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.



Boston Celtics Coach
RED AUERBACH
That's the Way the Ball Bounces.



FREDDY FENDER
His Wasted Days and Wasted Nights Are Over.

COREY LIDLE
Just "Plane" Stupid.

HUSTLER'S

Betcha didn't know...

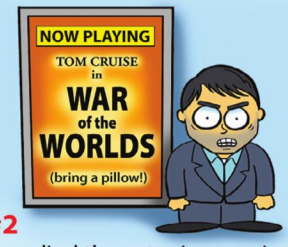
TOM CRUISE

Quick Quiz #1
Who did Tom Cruise date after his divorce from Nicole Kidman?
a) Penelope Cruz
b) Katie Holmes
c) Lance Bass

Film File!
To prepare for the role of self-centered asshole Charlie Babbitt in the movie *Rain Man*, Tom Cruise followed himself around for a year.

Quick Quiz #2
In Scientology, what does the name Suri mean?
a) rose
b) princess
c) damage control

Fun Fact #1
Did you know that the paparazzi camped outside of Katie Holmes's vagina for weeks trying to be the first to get a picture of baby Suri?



Fun Fact #2
South Park parodied the actor in an episode entitled "Trapped in the Closet." Tom later got his revenge by trapping us in the movie theater for three hours watching *War of the Worlds*.

Fun Fact #3
In 1992 Tom Cruise was in *A Few Good Men*, or was it the other way around?

"A woman who is unfaithful deserves to be shot." —PANCHO VILLA, OUTLAW

IN THE PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Kaylin left the sleepy town of Bradenton, Florida, with big dreams of Hollywood stardom. After being hit on by several slimy mainstream producers at auditions, she decided to give nude modeling a try. "People in the adult business at least seem to be a bit more honest about things," the diminutive damsel reflects. "You know what you are going to get."

Did **Kaylin** ever foresee entering the wonderful world of adult entertainment? "Not really," she replies. "I kind of saw myself as the shy girl-next-door type on a sitcom. But when people first see me, they think I'm a bad girl. An ex-boyfriend said I have the face and body of a slut and the heart of an angel."

Is **Kaylin** a dirty little thang? "I love sex," the jezebel purrs, "and I love to try and do anything. I've been *very* dirty at times, having sex in public and things like that. At this point in my life the only thing I haven't done is a threesome. It's kind of my ultimate fantasy, but it has to be with the right guy and the right girl to make it work."

What else does the bodacious blonde do for fun? "I'm an assimilated California girl now," **Kaylin** coos. "I love the fact that you can go to the beach year-round here. I spent last Thanksgiving in Malibu, eating turkey and drinking piña coladas with my feet in the sand and my dog Daisy playing in the waves. I love to surf, suntan and skinny-dip. I do that mostly in pools though."

Can we count on more naked photos or fuck films from **Kaylin** down the line? "I'm fully up for posing nude for magazine layouts, alone and with girls," she reckons, "but I'm not sure about the hard-core movie stuff. I'm not saying no, but I'm not saying yes either. Maybe. Maybe, baby."

KAYLIN

KAYLIN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Bradenton, Florida
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-1
WEIGHT: 105
MEASUREMENTS: 36C-24-32

NEW TRICK OF THE TRADE

"Three hundred dollars if you pee on me."

The gentleman was dark and handsome, sporting an expensive suit and an incredibly expensive watch. He wore a subtle, spicy cologne, had thick black hair, used good hair products.

We were sipping martinis in a suite at one of the new Strip hotels—ultra-upscale and chichi. I was his outcall selection from an exclusive escort service.

"That's all you have to do," the guy insisted. "That's 300 smackers if you pee all over my body."

I was mildly surprised perhaps, but hardly shocked. Seemed like the better-dressed the man, the more outrageous the request. I was only three months into this game, but already I'd had my share of unusual "dates." My first night out, I was smeared with chocolate sauce from head to toe, my nipples topped with whipped cream and cherries like a hot fudge sundae, then lapped clean.

Last month I met with a kindly old coot who insisted I dress up as a Catholic schoolgirl—pigtails, pleated skirt, white knee socks—and bend over his lap for a good spanking before I sucked his "lollipop." He told me I was a bad little girl and had me back for a repeat performance the very next evening.

Then, just a week ago, an Asian businessman picked me specifically for my size 9 feet. He lovingly nursed on each and every piggy, slathered my peds in cold cream and had me jack his little pecker between my arches till he sprayed. It was easy, easy money, but it did get me to wondering, *Doesn't anybody just want to fuck anymore?*

This was the first time a client—or anyone, for that matter—had ever asked me for a golden shower. I had zero, zilch experience. Still, I simply smiled and nodded my head and inquired as to whether he would like me dressed or naked. Naked, as it turned out.

I always loved the act of stripping, watching the customer's eyes as I bared my breasts, my long legs and, finally, my pussy. Henry—the obviously phony name he gave me—was suitably impressed. He was hard in his pants by the time I helped him undress and led him to the bathroom. Nice body. Very nice, thick dick.

I had assumed he would opt for the bathtub; instead he sat on the toilet, legs slightly spread, and looked up at me expectantly. Pissing on command was harder than I would have imagined—I straddled his lap and tried to focus. But the sight of his beautiful, hard cock was getting me too hot.

Closing my eyes, I thought about running water, creeks, streams, rivers. Finally, I reached over to the sink and turned on the tap. Yes! My urine started as a warm, golden trickle splattering over the guy's fuck set. It was amazing, the look of ecstasy that came over his face. It made me feel powerful, like—I don't know—a goddess or something.

The trickle grew into a stream. When I spread my flaps, out gushed a fuckin' yellow river. Moving my hips, I could direct my flow to his shaft, his pubes, his nuts. Henry was moaning now, bucking his hips, fucking my flood of piss. And then he was slithering down the toilet, between my thighs, till I was peeing on his chest and his hard, tight nipples.

Damn, this was so hot. My pussy was tingling. Honestly, I'd had no idea I would be so into this. All of my senses peaked. I felt primitive, uninhibited. Dipping my fingers into my own stream, I painted my lips with urine. My nectar tasted musky, sensual.

It surprised me when Henry slipped the rest of the way to the floor and started drinking my piss with his tongue and open mouth. Even more surprising was the force of the climax that suddenly crashed through my body.

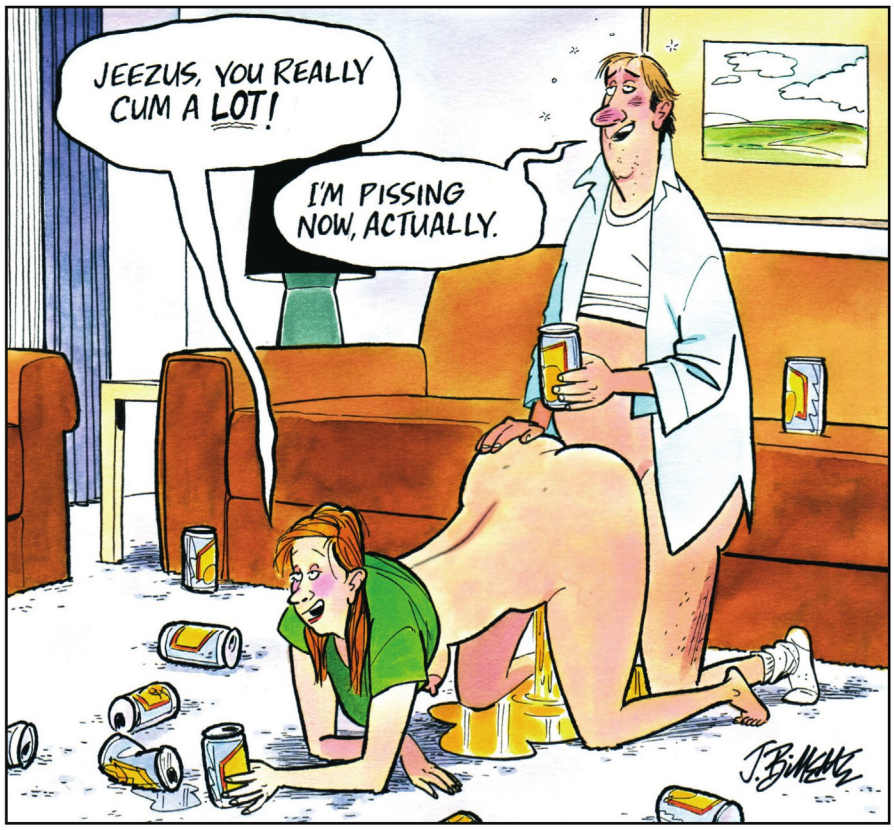
Henry's lips locked around my honeypot, and he drank the last of my urine and all of my girl juice. I felt his own jizz splat against the back of my thigh as he sucked.

Now that we'd both come, I was truly ready to ride the guy. Hell, I was so horny, I would have given him *any-fuckin'-thing* he wanted—all night and at no additional charge! Unfortunately, that golden shower was all Henry had in mind. I considered begging, then regained my pride and began looking around for my clothes. Minutes later, $300 richer, he was escorting me to the door.

Hell, doesn't anybody just want to fuck anymore?

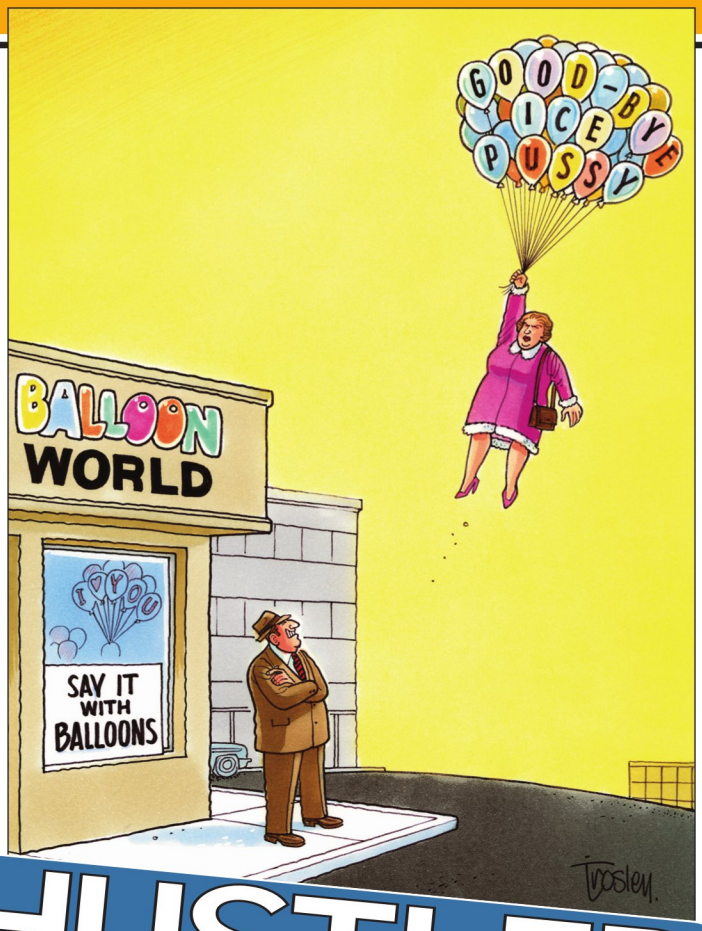
—L.J.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

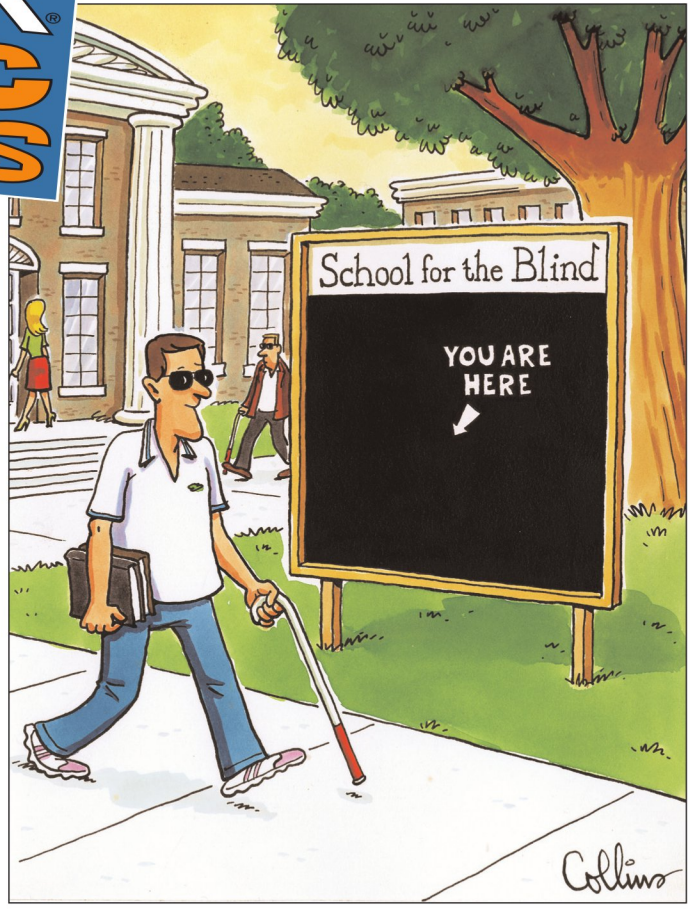


Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



O.J.'s personal investigation continues.



GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Stickin' It Old School

Any fan of old-school video games knows that nothing beats the feel of standing at a video arcade system pumping in quarter after quarter trying to beat the high score. Now you can own your own console system without any quarters needed! This **Konami** system features 12 classic arcade games, including ***Frogger***, ***Contra***, ***Blades of Steel*** and ***Gyruss***. Most of these classic games are available for your PS3 or Xbox, but we think nothing is better than the feel of an old-school stand-up game. Plus, you can own it for less than 2,000 quarters. Available at **MyBigGames.com**. Suggested retail price: $499.99.

Bubbling Under

The nonstop puzzle and shooting action of ***Bust-A-Move*** is now available for the Nintendo Wii. Fans of the old version will be happy to once again see their favorite characters, Bub and Bob (and eight new pals). The clumsy duo are back to face an assault of bubbles in several different modes of play, including ***VS Mode*** (where you can challenge up to seven players), ***Endless Mode*** (the perfect test of your endurance) or the original classic ***Puzzle Mode*** (which is even better than you remember). The game features over 500 levels for you to master. Part ***Tetris***, part old-school ***Mario Brothers***, ***Bust-A-Move Bash!*** is all fun.

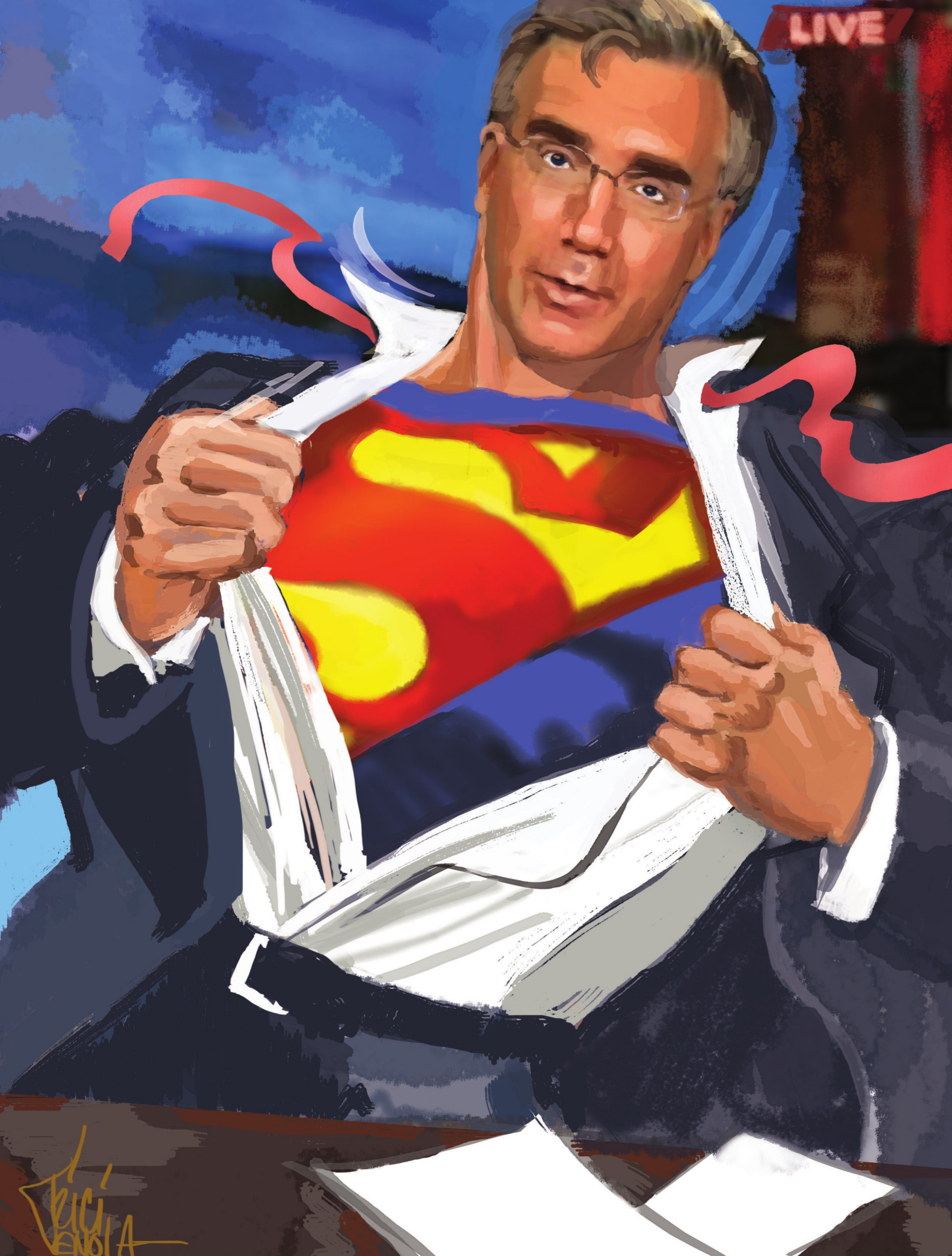
Hoop It Up

In **Sony**'s latest basketball offering, ***NBA 07***, you are down on the hardwood sweating it out as either Kobe, Big Ben Wallace or dozens of other National Basketball Association stars. This ultra-realistic game is the first to run in 1080P High Definition at a superfast 60 frames per second. Features include ***NBA Replay Mode***, mini-games like three-point shootouts, "Own The Court" and Playstation Skills Challenge, as well as ***NBA Replay*** of the week. This last feature lets you download five scenarios a week involving real games from the 2006-07 season.

Soldiers of Fortune

The latest installment of the **Socom** series is fantastic inside and out. As per the previous **Socom** games, ***Combined Assault*** has you playing various Navy SEAL missions with the help of your team. You have three SEALs with you to help infiltrate and secure your objectives. Each mission breaks down into many small tasks, which include taking out enemies, blowing up stuff and saving hostages. It is calibrated just right, with solid graphics to the game play. Online play is available for up to 32 players. This game is a hell of a bang for the buck and will keep you glued to your TV way past midnight.

"Hey, maybe she isn't a lesbian. Maybe it's Dick Cheney she's pissed off with."


LIVE

KEITH OLBERMANN UNBOUND

"NEWS DISSECTOR" DANNY SCHECHTER PROFILES MSNBC'S OUTSPOKEN ANCHOR

THE MOST UPSETTING THING about watching *Good Night, and Good Luck*—George Clooney's cinematic tribute to media legend Edward R. Murrow—was realizing there aren't any journalists of his stature in the hyper-commercialized, dumbed-down "wasteland" of contemporary network TV news. An intrepid war correspondent and broadcaster, Murrow dared expose tyrannical Senator Joseph McCarthy on CBS in the 1950s. Who among today's blow-dried anchors and reporters would have had the *cajones* to take on blustering blowhard McCarthy?

In the wake of Clooney's 2005 biopic, one candidate has emerged from the media pack to reinvigorate the fourth estate. "Keith Olberman is, quite simply, the Edward R. Murrow of our time," asserts liberal radio host Stephanie Miller, whose program has been heard on Sirius Satellite Radio and other broadcast outlets.

The sportscaster-turned-political analyst anchors MSNBC's evening newscast, *Countdown With Keith Olbermann*. If you haven't been paying attention to his rising influence and popularity, you may be alone—*Countdown*'s viewership rose 21% in a year, and the perpetually third-place cable-news network edged out its CNN competitor during Olbermann's time slot. *Countdown* is MSNBC's highest-rated program.

Olbermann has always stood out, and not just because he stands 6-3 and wears size 13 shoes. Born in New York City in 1959, he was a gifted child who, at age 14, wrote the book *The Major League Coaches: 1921-1973* (published by Card Memorabilia Associates). He was also a play-by-play announcer for his high school's hockey team on WHTR. Chris Berman, now an ESPN mainstay, was the station's sports director.

Keith entered Cornell University at age 16, and while an undergraduate, covered sports for WVBR, a nearby radio station. Graduating at 20, Olbermann paid his dues on local news at Boston and Los Angeles TV stations before landing a berth at ESPN. He won awards for a witty and distinctive reportorial style that was also criticized for having "too much backbone." It was literally true because the oversized Olbermann has six lumbar vertebrae, while the rest of us have only five. He refers to himself as a "spinal mutant," quipping, "I do have too much backbone."

Olbermann has had to overcome some physical problems, including celiac disease, which requires a gluten-free diet. In 1980 he hit his head on a New York City subway door and lost depth perception. Olbermann also has had some problems containing his emotions. When Keith left ESPN in June 1997, colleague Mike Soltys said, "He didn't burn bridges here. He napalmed them." One issue was an appearance on Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* that ESPN did not authorize.

On November 17, 2002, Olbermann published what he called a "mea culpa" on Salon.com, in which he mused about his motivations, emotional vulnerability and willingness to talk about doubts and concerns most public figures avoid.

"It feels as if I've been coming out of a huge fog bank," Olbermann wrote, acknowledging there had been problems and screw-ups on his show. "On top of everything else about it that can destabilize the soul, television is fraught with a million commonplace things that can go wrong.

"I have lived much of my life assuming much of the responsibility around me and developing a dread of being blamed for things going wrong," Keith candidly confessed. "Moreover, deep down inside I've always believed that everybody around me was qualified and competent, and I wasn't, and that someday I'd be found out. If you think that way, when somebody messes up, you can't imagine that it just 'happened.' Since they're so much better than you are, how could they not complete a task successfully? They have to be not trying hard enough—and when they don't try and the show goes to hell, who gets blamed? You do."

Olbermann's backbone surfaced again when MSNBC hired him to cover politics. He quickly discovered he couldn't stand cable's marathon-like obsession with repetitive Monica Lewinsky news-a-thons. On January 21, 1998, MSNBC reoriented Olbermann's program, *The Big Show*, to focus on "what we euphemistically call 'The Clinton-Lewinsky investigations,'" Keith said.

The story began to get to him. He later explained why at the Cornell University commencement address that June: "Virtually every night, for an hour, sometimes two, I have presided over discussions about this stuff, so intricate, so repetitive, that it has assumed the characteristics of the medieval religious scholars arguing for months and even years over how many angels can dance on the head of a pin.

"Then my network starts covering this story 28 hours out of every 24." He confessed it led him to "having dry heaves in the bathroom" and "days…when my line of work makes me

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRICI VENOLA

ashamed, makes me depressed, makes me want to cry." Later that spring, "I awakened from my stupor and told my employers that I simply could not continue doing this." He then urged the graduates to do the right thing.

After 17 months at MSNBC, Olbermann returned to sports, this time at Fox, for another short stint as anchor. He went freelance, turning up on CNN, then radio, also writing for Salon.com, until bouncing back to MSNBC.

Olbermann really took off after he debuted his current MSNBC show, *Countdown*, on March 31, 2003. The program originates at MSNBC's Secaucus, New Jersey, headquarters. One of its most-talked-about segments, called "Oddball," features wacky footage from around the world illustrating Keith's eclectic interests and idiosyncratic passions. (An oddball fact about Caucasian Keith is that he's related by marriage to boxer Mike Tyson. The niece of Tyson's adoptive father, longtime trainer Gus D'Amato, married Olbermann's father's brother, making Keith—who is single and childless—a Tyson cousin. How appropriate—considering his initials are K.O.)

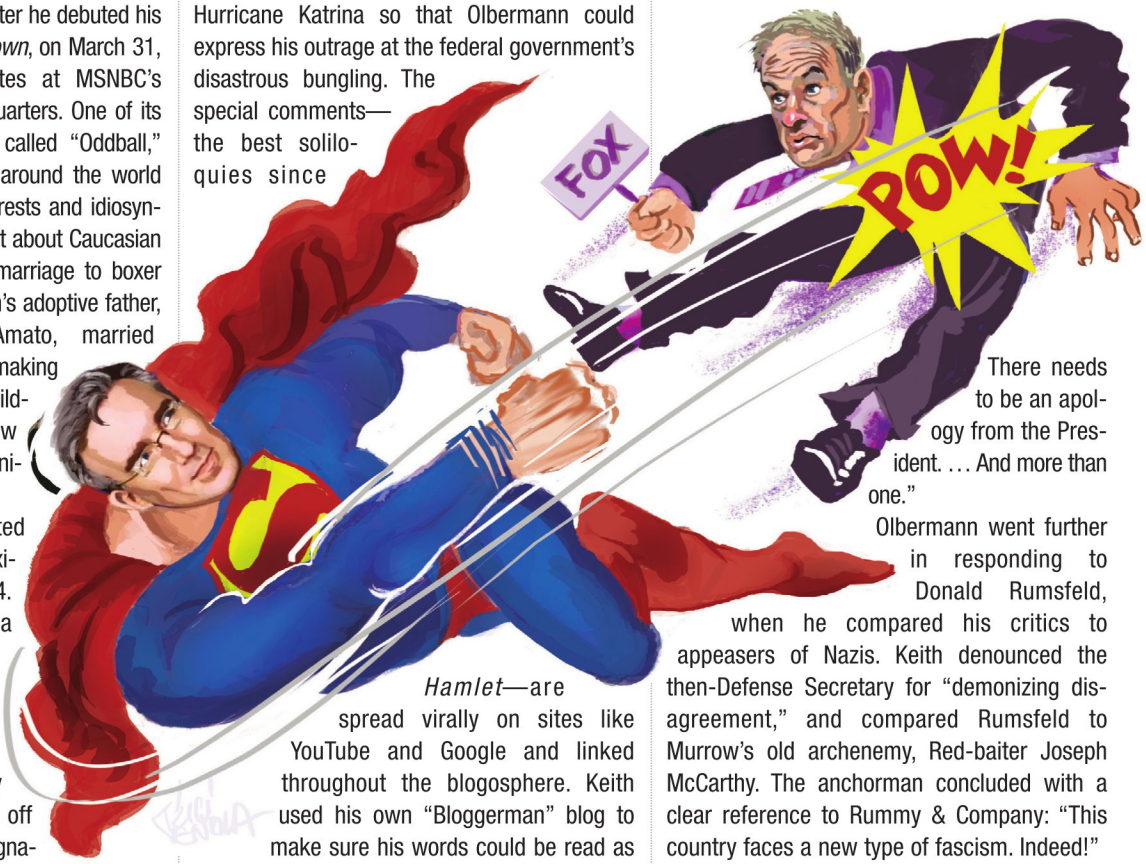
Playgirl magazine voted Olbermann its number one sexiest male newscaster in 2004. *GQ* recently branded him a "renegade" and named him one of the publication's "Men of the Year." Keith has also won an Edward R. Murrow Award for reporting, which may explain why he signs off *Countdown* with Murrow's signature farewell, "Good night, and good luck." The CBS broadcaster, renowned for speaking truth to power, is Olbermann's role model.

The MSNBC anchorman took on his Fox competition directly and personally by skewering its "reportage," repeatedly labeling Fox bullyboy Bill O'Reilly "The Worst Person in the World." Last summer, Olbermann wore an O'Reilly mask to a meeting of TV critics, giving them the Nazi "Sieg Heil" salute. The demagogic O'Reilly blasted back, cutting off callers to his radio program for using the *K* or *O* words. He even sicced Fox security on one caller who managed to bleat out the offending name.

After Olbermann started detailing the charges lodged by a former producer in a sexual harassment suit against *The O'Reilly Factor*'s führer, the *New York Post*—which, like Fox, is owned by conservative media mogul Rupert Murdoch and his News Corp—reported on accusations posted to a gossip Web site that Olbermann was a lousy lover. The feud soon deteriorated into a very personal tit-for-tat.

Olbermann moved from taking on people like O'Reilly to frontally challenging the Bush regime, and then Dubya himself. For the first time, left-leaning and Democratic viewers had a voice that resonated with them in a medium dominated by right-wing pundits and opinion makers.

His "special comments" segment, centering on pressing issues, spontaneously began after Hurricane Katrina so that Olbermann could express his outrage at the federal government's disastrous bungling. The special comments—the best soliloquies since *Hamlet*—are spread virally on sites like YouTube and Google and linked throughout the blogosphere. Keith used his own "Bloggerman" blog to make sure his words could be read as well as heard. (See Bloggermann.MSNBC.com.)



Suddenly, Olbermann's ratings rocketed, as did his status as a fearless and articulate force in media. When Keith teamed up with *Hardball*'s Chris Matthews to cover the 2006 midterm elections, MSNBC doubled the size of the audience that had watched it during 2002's midterms. Overall, MSNBC's viewership rose from 15% of the cable news audience in 2002 to 25% in 2006. Meanwhile, the ratings of MSNBC's competitors have declined.

TV critics such as the *Washington Post*'s/CNN's Howard Kurtz credit Olbermann with helping to swing the 2006 election to the Democrats.

"Keith is a powerhouse—a pundit/journalist with brains and guts, and a fundamental sense of decency," adds Mark Crispin Miller, an NYU media professor and author. "I think it's telling that his background is not news but sports, because the U.S. news establishment would never have produced a voice so brave and honest."

What audiences seem to like most is that Keith does not genuflect or pull punches vis-à-vis the powers-that-be. He goes right for the jugular; no other contemporary newsman would chastise the commander in chief with impertinent words like: "The President of the United States owes this country an apology. It will not be offered, of course. He does not realize its necessity. There are now none around him who would tell him or could. There needs to be an apology from the President. … And more than one."

Olbermann went further in responding to Donald Rumsfeld, when he compared his critics to appeasers of Nazis. Keith denounced the then-Defense Secretary for "demonizing disagreement," and compared Rumsfeld to Murrow's old archenemy, Red-baiter Joseph McCarthy. The anchorman concluded with a clear reference to Rummy & Company: "This country faces a new type of fascism. Indeed!"

Olbermann's outspoken rants—which are punched up with humor, historic quotes and an undeniable sincerity—differentiate him from his colleagues and even fictional newsy characters, notably the deranged ex-anchor Howard Beale from the 1976 movie *Network*. Thirty years after its release, the satire trashing television feels more and more like a documentary.

And yet Olbermann is up against the same industry forces that brought Beale down and pushed Murrow out—an anxious, profit-driven executive bureaucracy terrified of rocking the boat. Olbermann has already been warned not to have too many "liberal" guests, a rationale used to end Phil Donahue's program, MSNBC's highest-rated show in 2003. On Al Franken's Air America radio show, Olbermann defiantly revealed, "I got called into a vice-president's office…and [was] told, 'Hey, we don't mind you interviewing these guys, but should you really have put liberals on on consecutive nights?'"

Jeff Cohen, a former *Donahue* producer, finds this alarming. The author of the insider book *Cable News Confidential* discloses: "What Olbermann has done in the recent era was specifically banned by NBC management when I was at MSNBC with Phil Donahue four years ago."

Cohen, who co-founded the media watchdog group Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR) and who also worked at Fox and CNN, adds: "Setting oneself apart from what the others are selling can bring customers. Olbermann is a beneficiary of the shifting political environment that resulted from Bush disasters and years of brave activism and advocacy by progressives in Congress, civil liberties lawyers, MoveOn[.org] and thousands of hard-core activists who turned the tide—not to mention [Comedy Central's Jon] Stewart and [Stephen] Colbert."

Can Bloggermann survive at General Electric-owned MSNBC if he is identified as a voice of the Left? It's not a topic he was allowed to speak to this reporter about. MSNBC press liaison Jeremy Gaines finally responded to three e-mails requesting an Olbermann interview with a terse "The answer is 'No.'"

I spoke informally to a former MSNBC president who thinks the anchorman's days are numbered in the cautiously conservative NBC environment. But an NBC News V.P., who spoke off the record and is personally bullish on Olbermann, told me it has taken years for the newscaster to establish himself and that the network wants him to stay. Keith's contract was due to expire in March 2007.

I asked the veep about the attitude of NBC President Bob Wright, who reportedly kowtows to GE, a defense contractor credited with building Ronald Reagan's career. "Bob Wright is content agnostic, but financially religious" was the response, suggesting that as long as *Countdown*'s numbers are good, and the revenues are up, there will be no pressure on Olbermann to follow the party line.

FAIR's Peter Hart contends that Olbermann is helping MSNBC, which has generally trailed Fox and CNN in the ratings. "Those of us on the outside have been saying for years that the best way for the cable news channels to compete with Fox would be to counterprogram by featuring hosts and guests who represent the Left/progressive end of the political spectrum, since those voices are nearly silent on national television."

The media observer adds: "Olbermann represents a tentative step in that direction, and folks are watching. It's also worth noting that they're not watching a typical cable-news shoutfest—Olbermann is delivering passionate, articulate critiques of the powerful. The conventional wisdom…would have probably told you that was a horrible idea, but viewers seem to disagree," Hart points out.

According to Dan Abrams, who runs MSNBC, "[Olbermann's] program could become a model for the newscast of the future. It's a mix of straight news…with lighter fare and occasionally with some opinion."

Although it was hard to find outspoken critics outside the Fox orbit and its echo chamber, Olbermann has attracted enemies and at least one death threat. On Fox's media observer program *News Watch*, Christian conservative columnist Cal Thomas bestowed the "Turkey Award" on Keith last November for claiming 65-year-old Thomas dyed his jet-black hair.

On a more serious note, in October 2006 Olbermann received a letter at his New York home with an unidentified white powder in it. He immediately called police and was told not to go public, as this could tip off the sender. But when Murdoch's *New York Post* published an account of the incident, the journalist went ballistic, in part because he insisted the newspaper's story was wrong. Keith claims he did not ask for a medical checkup, as reported in the *Post*, and then spoke about what happened on the air:

"My first inclination was to wait until the start of the next workday to notify authorities. But the remote possibility that any delay might have endangered others led me to reverse my decision. … The officer in charge of the 18 or so police officers who responded asked that I follow their protocol: a decontamination shower at the scene, the bagging and sealing of the clothes I was wearing at the time of the incident, and my transportation to an emergency room. I mean, not to overdo this, but they had to melt my keys and my wallet."

Californian Chad Castagana was arrested in November 2006 by the FBI and charged with mailing threatening letters, along with white powder, to Olbermann, Speaker of the House Nancy Pelosi, David Letterman, Jon Stewart and other high-profile figures. The 39-year-old suspect is a conservative blogger.

Being a target of right-wing wrath hasn't deterred Olbermann from confronting the status quo and speaking up for others threatened by reactionary wingnuts. After talk radio's Stephanie Miller received a letter that threatened her and antiwar mom Cindy Sheehan, Keith gallantly rose to their defense in a riveting rant championing the right to dissent. This earned him a tongue-in-cheek marriage proposal from the single and attractive radio hostess.

"The fact that I routinely refer to Keith as my future husband has more to do with my delusional nature than anything to do with his personal taste, which, I'm sure, is much more evolved," jokes Miller, whose father, William Miller, was Barry Goldwater's GOP running mate in 1964's Presidential race.

In any case, Olbermann faces a daunting minefield at MSNBC, a part of the larger big media battleground where backstabbing, oversized egos and bottom-line pressures clash every day with journalistic values.

Keith Olbermann's role model, Edward R. Murrow, was an early victim of these pressures, despite his renown and success. Can the gutsy TV host known as "Bloggerman" survive and prosper? Stay tuned, and as Murrow would say, "Good night, and good luck."

News Dissector/filmmaker/troublemaker Danny Schechter is the blogger-in-chief of MediaChannel.org, the world's largest online media issues network. A former CNN and ABC News producer with a short stint at CNBC, Schechter has directed many independent documentaries, including WMD: Weapons of Mass Deception and a new film, In Debt We Trust: America Before the Bubble Bursts, dealing with the credit trap that has already ensnared six out of ten Americans. (See GlobalVision.org to order and for more info.) Besides penning eight books—including When News Lies: Media Complicity and the Iraq War (SelectBooks) and The Death of Media and the Fight for Democracy (Melville House Publishing)—Schechter writes regularly for leading Web sites and media outlets worldwide. He has been profiled in HUSTLER, but insists he is not one. Like Olbermann, Schechter graduated from Cornell University. Comments to Dissector@MediaChannel.org.

SCREEN NAME:
CASCA

AGE: 26

CURRENTLY RESIDES IN: Georgia

STATUS: Single

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 1,050

Nothing surpasses a beautiful girl with brains, and we've found one. Hailing from Dawsonville, up the road apiece from Atlanta, Casca is a part-time model and a full-time Unix system engineer. When not maintaining computer servers or kick-boxing, she can be found rock climbing in the hills near her hometown. Ironically, the Georgia peach does this even though she's deathly afraid of heights!

Casca has been modeling for only a year, but the 5-foot-3 babe is already getting enticing job offers through her MySpace page. For example, she'll soon be hitting the road to promote *Mixed Martial Arts Magazine* at various events.

Casca is also adventurous when it comes to sex. Her first experience with another woman was when she met some hottie at a bar, and they made out like crazy on the dance floor. Casca eventually took the chick back to her place, where they spent the night "eating each other out." Not bad for a self-professed "nerd" in high school.

Whether it's working on computers, scaling a cliff or being a homebody with her daughter, this month's Girl of MySpace is just living for today. If you want Casca to help you out with *your* hard drive, drop by her MySpace page or head to ModelCasca.com.

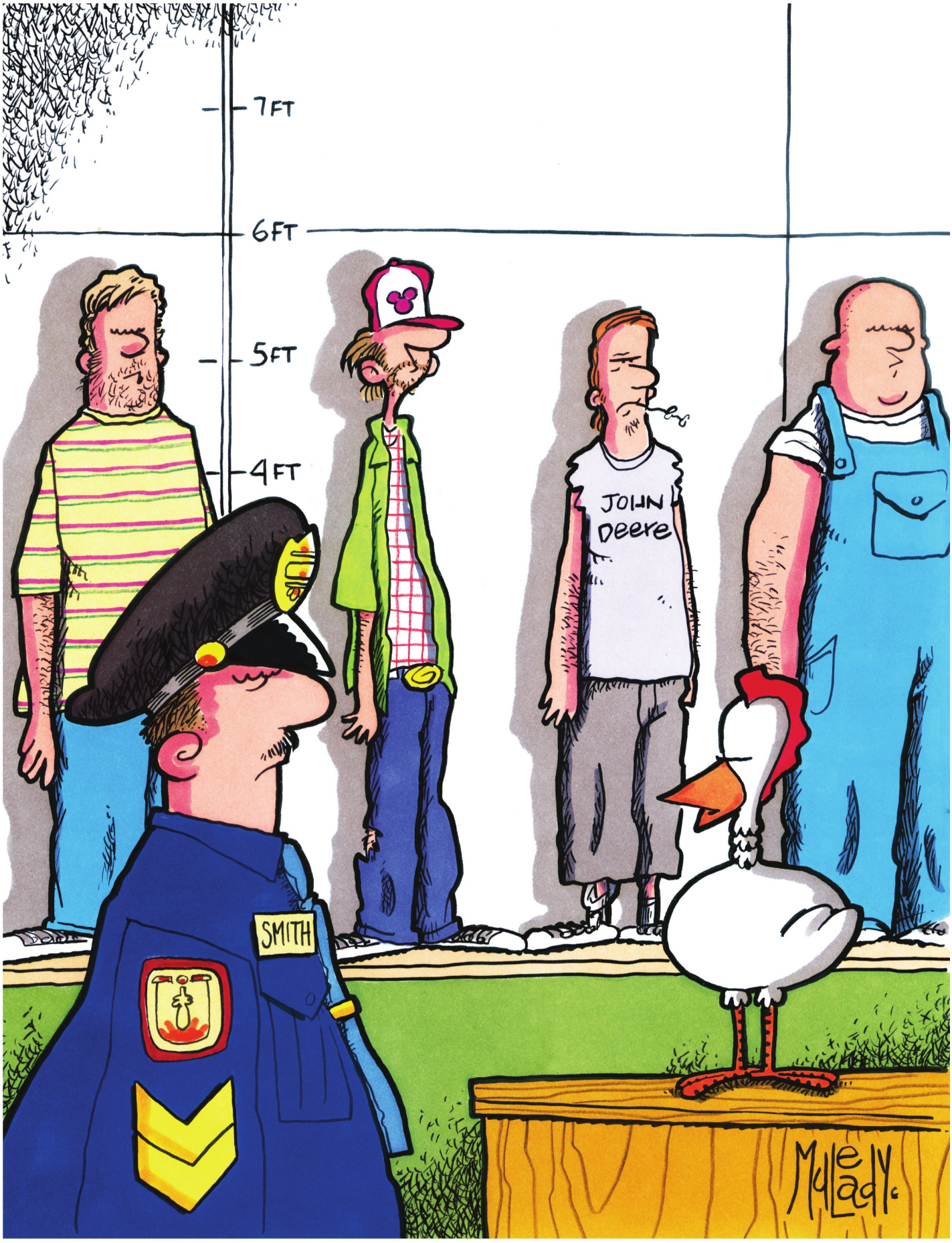
THE GIRLS OF MY

BY TYLER DOWNEY

SPACE #4: CASCA

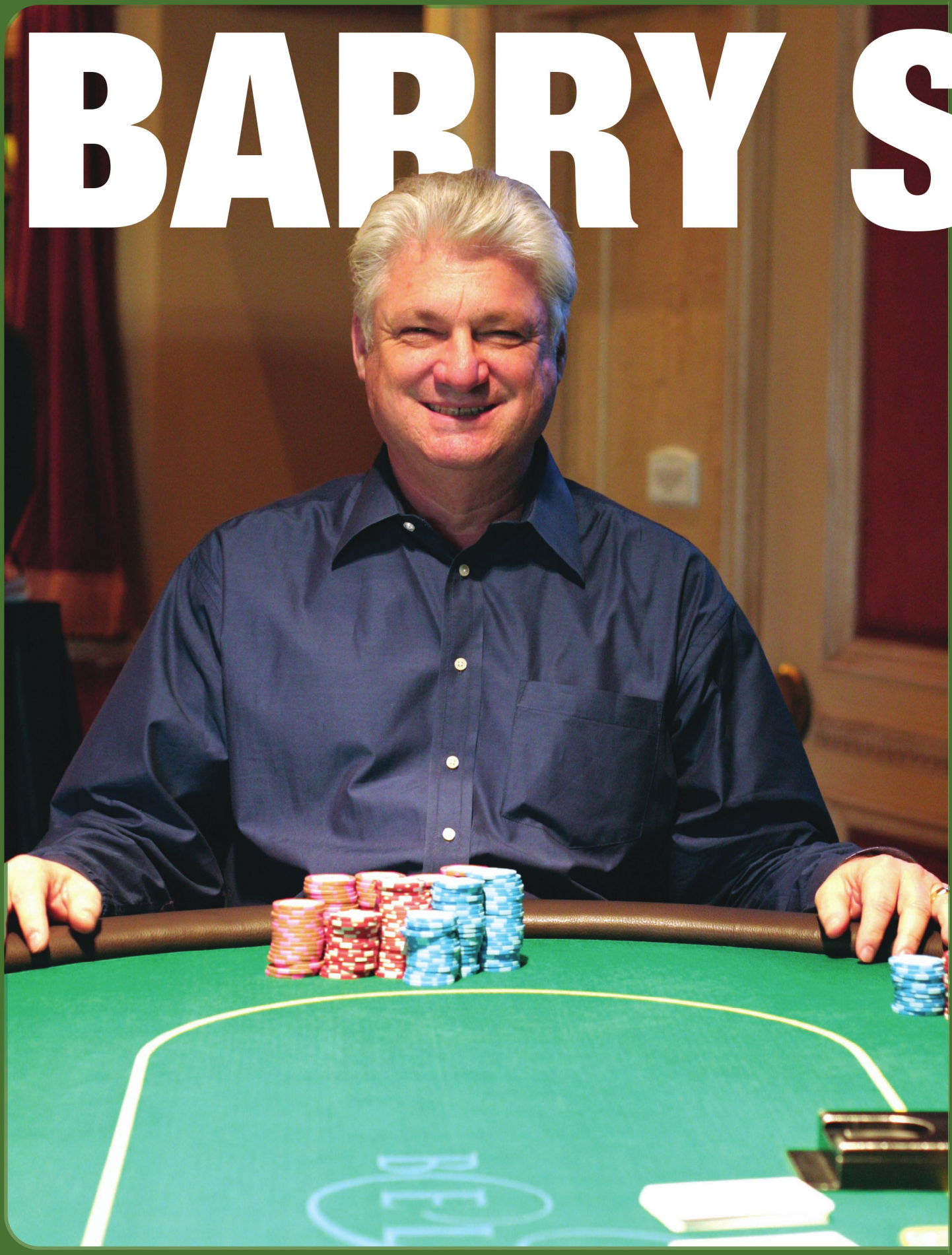
OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

PHOTOS COURTESY JOSE LOUIS AND MIKE PRADO



"I didn't get a real good look at him. He was fucking me from behind!"

BARRY S



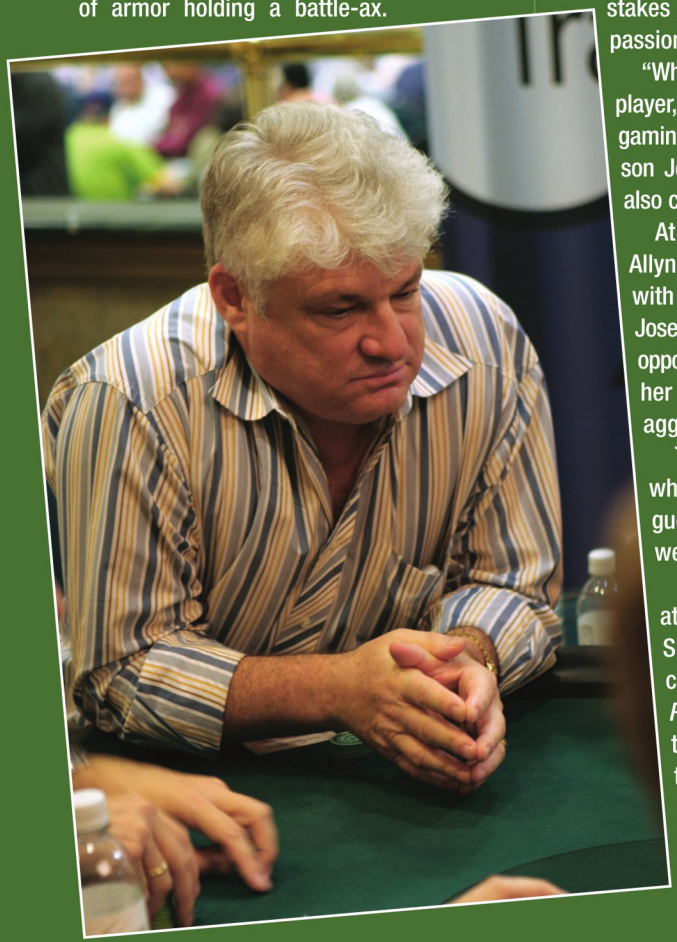
PHOTOS COURTESY CARD PLAYER MEDIA

HULMAN

SIN CITY'S HIGH-ROLLING MEDIA MAVERICK

LAS VEGAS JOURNALIST **BOB SHEMELIGIAN** PROFILES THE REALTOR-TURNED-*CARD PLAYER* MAGAZINE PUBLISHER.

SEATED ON A PLUSH LEATHER COUCH in his spacious office at the Las Vegas headquarters of *Card Player* magazine, publisher Barry Shulman is overshadowed by a full-sized suit of armor holding a battle-ax.



"It's to keep my people in line," Shulman says with a smile, only half-joking.

Whether at the helm of the world's leading poker publication or at a seat in a high-stakes game, Shulman is known for his passion, drive and aggression.

"When he's focused, he's a very good player," says wife Allyn, an Internet gaming attorney who, like Shulman's son Jeff, helps run the magazine and also competes in major tournaments.

At the 2006 World Series of Poker, Allyn Shulman was seated at a table with reigning Main Event Champion Joseph Hachem of Australia. After his opponent took a pot, Hachem looked at her and remarked, "You might be as aggressive as your husband."

The magazine publisher laughed when his wife relayed the story. "I guess I can work a stack pretty well," he says.

It was in 1998, in a poker game at a Las Vegas casino, that Barry Shulman met Linda Johnson, then co-owner and publisher of *Card Player*. After making a small fortune in real estate speculation in the Seattle area, Shulman had moved to southern Nevada to retire and play a little golf.

"I was going to buy a couple of apartment buildings and have other people run them, because I wanted to get out of the management business," Shulman recalls. "But then I met Linda in a poker game, and the more I talked to her, the more I became interested in buying the magazine. I always like putting deals together, and it was crystal clear to me that poker was going to boom like crazy."

Within weeks Johnson came up with a price tag, and for the first time in his life, Shulman didn't bargain.

"It was the best investment I ever made," Shulman proclaims. "The magazine is doing great. You can go back year to year and see how much higher quality it is today. The articles, layout, content and design prove this. When I bought *Card Player*, it was a low-end handout. Now it's a high-gloss, well-respected publication, and it's the number-one brand in poker media."

Anyone in business knows timing is everything, and Shulman couldn't have purchased *Card Player* at a better time.

In the late 1990s poker exploded like an overworked boiler on a Mississippi River steamboat. The game went on a worldwide winning streak that continues today. Fueled by the growth of Internet poker, players from around the globe began frequenting card rooms in brick-and-mortar casinos.

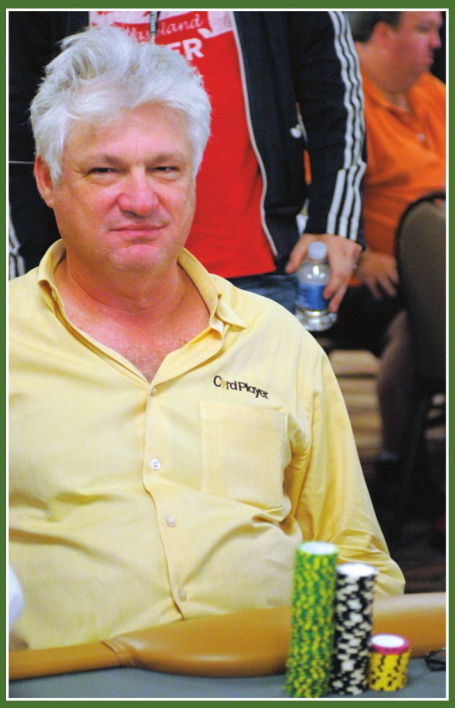
Then, in 2003, a Tennessee accountant with the improbable name of Chris Moneymaker

parlayed a $40 online tournament entry fee into a $2.5-million World Series of Poker triumph. Tournament poker has never looked back. At the 2006 World Series, Jamie Gold of Malibu, California, reeled in the grand prize of $12 million, the largest purse ever awarded in a poker championship match.

Television coverage of poker—previously consigned to episodes of series such as *Maverick*—also exploded. TV started covering poker like it did other more traditional sports. World Series of Poker events are televised throughout the year on ESPN, while the Travel Channel airs World Poker Tour tournaments.

"It was the advent of tournament poker that caught my attention," Shulman says. "It's the only sport in which amateurs can play against professionals—and on any given day, the amateur can win. I can't play golf against Tiger Woods, let alone ever have a chance of beating him. But poker is different. It's filled with professionals, amateurs and a host of colorful characters. They're right out of a Damon Runyon story."

Today an estimated 40 million Americans play recreational poker, and tens of millions more play in Europe and the Far East. The game has become so popular that in *Casino Royale*'s high-stakes match at Montenegro, James Bond plays poker instead of baccarat—the card game 007 had originally played in Ian Fleming's 1953 novel. Shulman believes the



suave British secret agent is merely one of the many high-profile poker converts.

As for the impact that TV coverage is having on the game, the savvy Shulman observes: "Clearly, if for no other reason than that's where the advertising dollars are going, poker is growing at a phenomenal rate. Poker is growing internationally, especially in Europe and the Far East. As long as poker maintains its popularity on television, it will continue to grow.

"While celebrities love the game, most who play are common, everyday people. It's families playing at home. It's kids trying to win a pot against Grandma. It's a great game. It encourages you to use your brain. If the game is not taken to the extreme, it's a healthy pastime."

But *is* poker always a healthy pastime? Is the game always dealt from a square deck?

"It's on the level now," Shulman asserts. "There's no cheating. But in the old days it was crooked, and we're not talking 400 years ago. We're talking about a time not long ago when dealers were not dealing from the top of the deck. They were stealing from people. And they were in cahoots with management. But today it's just the opposite. They change the deck every half hour. They have an eye in the sky. And this is not just in Las Vegas. It's all over. The game is so good for the casino, they don't want any bad stuff going on."

As interest in poker has grown, so has *Card Player.* The circulation of the magazine, published 26 times a year, has grown 300% to 125,000 since Shulman took the reins. The magazine is distributed to casino card rooms throughout the world, and foreign-language editions are published in France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Norway and South Africa. *Card Player* also has a strong Web presence, with CardPlayer.com providing live coverage of World Series of Poker and World Poker Tour events.

"We're no longer in the role of a traditional trade publication," Shulman maintains. "We've become more of a multimedia company."

When he's not making editorial decisions, Shulman loves to travel with family members and play poker. His job enables him to do both. He recently played against his son Jeff, co-publisher of the magazine, at an invitational Fathers and Sons tournament, a World Poker Tour event, at Foxwoods Casino Resort in Connecticut. It's scheduled to be broadcast on the Travel Channel on Father's Day 2007.

Shulman looks forward to competing against Allyn and Jeff in the 2007 World Series of Poker at the Rio in Las Vegas.

Shulman has a World Series bracelet, winning the Seven-Card Stud Eight-or-Better tournament in 2001. But few *Card Player* staff members say they've ever seen it on the boss's wrist.

"I wear it only when I play in the World Series," declares Shulman, who placed a winning bet on a magazine and a game.

Freelance journalist Bob Shemeligian, a former columnist for the Las Vegas Sun, writes for several national and regional publications, including the New York Post, the Casino Journal (a trade publication for the gaming industry) and the Las Vegas Business Press. He also writes a column, "Games & Players," for NVtoday.com, a Nevada-oriented Web site.

LORENZO

THE VIEW FROM ABOVE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

JENNIFER MAX

For more than 30 years, photographer Matti Klatt has traveled the globe in search of beautiful women willing to pose nude for HUSTLER. On a recent trip to Eastern Europe he captured this uninhibited temptress. "It was such a thrill for me to shoot for you guys and Matti," **Jennifer Max** recalls. "Several of my girlfriends have done it, and it has led to great things for them."

Does the sexy Serbian entertain dreams of stardom? "I would like to come to America and maybe be an actress," **Jennifer** declares, "but I just haven't saved up the money yet. I would also be happy to just come and be some kind man's wife. If I had a man who would take care of me, treat me like his princess and bring me to his home in the USA, that would be cool. If he would pamper me with gifts, then I would give him pleasure all day long."

What kind of pleasure, **Jennifer**? "I would start and end his every day the exact same way—with a blowjob. I am supergood at sucking cock and would make sure my man was happy. I would go down on his prick and suck till my mouth was full of his delicious goo. I think that would make him glad I'm his princess." Catching her breath, the Eurodoll adds, "Since I'm bi and like to share, I'd also introduce him to my girlfriends."

How does this submissive sweetie spend her idle moments? "I work out all the time," she replies. "I also love to cook. I bake things too, mostly cookies and cakes."

Any parting thoughts, **Jennifer**? "I hope your readers like seeing my body, and maybe one of them can look me up and make my dream of living in America come true. If he does, I'll more than return the favor."

See **Jennifer** get on top in *Girl + Girl #13* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

JENNIFER'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Belgrade, Serbia
AGE: 23
BIRTH SIGN: Virgo
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 120

KARLA HOMOLKA

WOMEN WHO KILL: PART 2 OF A SERIES

A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL

PHOTO: SUN MEDIA CORP.

When Karla Homolka was arrested in May 1993 for the abduction and brutal murders of two teenage girls in Ontario, Canada, prosecutors made what the media labeled "a deal with the devil." Homolka was offered a reduced ten-year prison sentence if she agreed to testify against her husband, Paul Bernardo, whom she claimed had committed the crimes while holding her mentally hostage. Later, investigators would discover videotapes shot by the couple that revealed Homolka may have been more than an unwilling accomplice. (Editor's Note: The following details have been compiled from court testimony and press reports.)

ON CHRISTMAS EVE 1990, 20-year-old Karla Homolka of St. Catharines, Ontario, served a holiday drink of rum and eggnog spiked with the sedative Halcion to her 15-year-old sister, Tammy. For several months Karla's fiancé, Paul Bernardo, 29, had been begging Karla to let him rape the young virgin. Helping him would be her Christmas present to the man she adored. It would also provide the perfect opportunity to get rid of the one serious rival for his affections.

Despite her being almost half his age, Tammy had an obvious crush on Bernardo. She would often cuddle up to him and tease Karla that Paul wanted to marry her instead because she was prettier.

Bernardo, a former accountant for Price Waterhouse who then made his living running cigarettes illegally across the U.S. border, welcomed the crush. He had begun to have Karla pretend to be Tammy and to wear her clothes during sex. He'd have her say, "My name is Tammy. I'm a virgin. I love you, and I want to marry you."

But Karla was not about to let that happen.

Karla had knowledge of anesthetics from her job as a veterinarian's assistant. The couple had planned to render Tammy unconscious with a combination of Halcion and Halothane—drugs often used to anesthetize animals during surgery—then violate the teenager in the basement while Karla's parents were asleep upstairs. What Paul didn't know, but Karla did know, was that Halothane could be deadly.

BY LARRY WICHMAN

PHOTOS: SUN MEDIA CORP.

Top: Karla Homolka in a Canadian prison cell. Below: Karla and Paul Bernardo on the couple's wedding day.

Once Tammy had passed out on the couch from the Halcion, Paul undressed her while Karla went to get the Halothane, which she liberally applied to a cloth held over the girl's mouth and nose. Paul immediately began videotaping the assault.

Paul had vaginal sex with the unconscious teenager. Then it was Karla's turn. She fondled her sister's breasts, then put a finger inside and licked it. She then performed oral sex on Tammy.

Paul was in the middle of having anal sex with the girl when she started vomiting and choking. It was the Halothane. Karla still held the drug-soaked cloth tightly over Tammy's mouth.

Paul dragged Tammy to a basement bedroom and unsuccessfully tried mouth-to-mouth. Karla dressed her sister, then called 911 and began to clean up the crime scene.

The coroner assumed a bright-red mark found on Tammy's cheek was due to her having been dragged across the carpet. As a result, authorities ruled her death an accident due to aspiration of vomit—allegedly induced by alcohol. Karla had not told investigators about the anesthetic. However, after exhuming the body, experts determined the redness was more likely caused by Halothane, which leaves a burn mark when applied to the skin of a dying person.

At the funeral, Paul left a note in the coffin, begging Tammy to forgive him for any pain he might have caused her. Karla left an array of wedding paraphernalia in what would be described as a bizarre game of one-upmanship.

"It's like [Karla] was pissing in [Tammy's] grave," says criminal profiler Candice Skrapec. "She's saying 'I won. You lost. I'm marrying Paul, not you.'"

As unconscionable as this murder was, it was only the beginning of a spree that would see two more young girls abducted and held as sex slaves before being killed.

PHOTO: TORONTO STAR

The closest victim: Tammy Homolka, pictured here on her gravestone, was only 15 when she was raped and murdered.

Apparently, Paul was in it only for the sex. He was a serial rapist who would later be arrested for assaulting 19 women over a four-year period. Shortly after Tammy's death, he abducted a young teenager named in court papers as Jane Doe, whom he drugged, raped and eventually released.

In fact, there is substantial evidence to suggest Paul Bernardo did not want to kill any of the girls. He tried to kill himself after the death of Karla's sister, and although he videotaped all the rape scenes in order to enhance his sexual pleasure by replaying them, Paul did not videotape their deaths. In the world of the perverted and depraved, this is an oddity.

Karla, it seems, found more pleasure in the killing. Criminalist Skrapec suggests Ms. Homolka was driven by a dangerous psychopathy known as malignant narcissism, which left her incapable of tolerating the sort of humiliation dished out by her sister, but more than capable of destroying others to meet her own selfish needs. That placed in danger anyone who threatened Karla's place at Bernardo's side.

Enter Leslie Mahaffy, a 14-year-old schoolgirl from Burlington, Ontario, whom Bernardo abducted from her own backyard at 2:30 a.m. on Saturday, June 15, 1991. At his later trial, Bernardo explained he had been out stealing license plates that he intended to use on his next trip across the border for cigarettes. Leslie saw Bernardo after being locked out of her own house for breaking curfew.

"I said I was breaking into the house next door, and she thought that was cool," Bernardo testified. "She asked me for a cigarette. I thought she'd be a nice girl to bring back home to have sex with."

Karla was annoyed when Paul woke her up to tell her he'd brought a girl home. She got even angrier when she went downstairs to find her prized crystal champagne flutes sitting half empty on the dining room table—an issue she just would not let go of, even when being interrogated by police.

For the next 24 hours, Paul and Karla raped and sodomized Mahaffy. Throughout the ordeal, Paul continually tried to force her into submission with threats of violence and rough sex. Karla induced her to masturbate and at other times joined in. An hour before Mahaffy's death, the pair handcuffed their victim, bound her ankles and began an assault that left Mahaffy begging to be released.

"After that, the last act, I'd had enough,"

"You can't quit as Secretary of State, Condoleezza. Where am I gonna find another macaca bitch to suck her master's dick?"

"How did you bowl tonight, Flo? And, just curious, why is there a rubber hanging outa yer ass?!"

Bernardo said on the stand. "I mean, Leslie was screaming."

Paul wanted to drug Mahaffy and leave her dazed behind a shopping plaza near her home. So the pair dressed the girl, and Paul went downstairs to gas up the car. When he returned, he found Leslie Mahaffy lying dead on the bedroom floor. When he tried to resuscitate her, Karla pulled him back and allegedly told him, "It's too late. She's dead."

Mahaffy's body was moved to the basement root cellar because Karla's parents were going to drop by the following day for Father's Day. Paul and Karla later cut the body up into ten pieces with a circular saw, encased the parts in cement and dumped them into nearby Lake Gibson.

At the trial, Karla claimed their victim had been beaten mercilessly. Yet Bernardo's counsel noted there were two small, round bruises on the back of the victim's lower torso. These, the defense claimed, indicated where Karla had pressed her knees while suffocating the young girl.

Five weeks after the killing, while Karla Homolka and Paul Bernardo were exchanging wedding vows, police were pulling Mahaffy's remains from the lake.

ALMOST A YEAR PASSED before Karla and Paul struck again. On April 16, 1992, they abducted Kristen French, who was walking home in her Catholic school uniform. Karla thought the 15-year-old was hot, so they pushed Kristen into their car at knifepoint, covered her with a blanket and drove home.

The couple held Kristen for four days, taking turns raping her just as they'd done with the others. She was killed early Easter morning. Her nude body was found in a ditch 30 miles away.

Bernardo apparently sealed Kristen's fate by showering her with attention, complimenting her beauty and granting her favors as he attempted to force her into subservience. At one point he even held a contest to see which female smelled best, with the loser being forced to submit to anal sex. Karla lost.

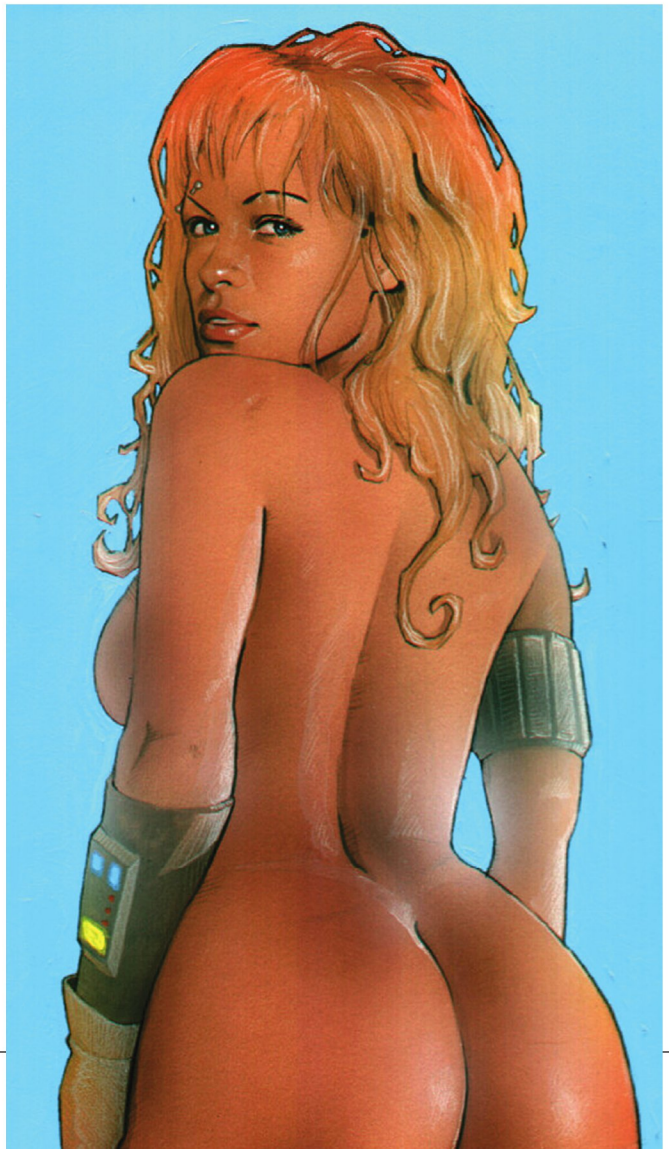
When Karla had had enough, she struck while Bernardo was out returning videos. He had left the girl handcuffed in the master bedroom, with an electrical cord wrapped around her neck and secured to a heavy chest. Karla was to watch over her. When Paul returned, he found his wife in the living room, crying hysterically, muttering, "I didn't mean to do it!"

The case broke after Karla went to police complaining of domestic violence. She then filed for divorce. Shortly after, Bernardo was arrested for the 19 rapes, and Karla opened negotiations for a deal in exchange for her testimony.

For the murders, Bernardo received a mandatory life sentence with no chance of parole for 25 years. Karla was handed ten years. Although eligible to be paroled after five, she would ultimately spend 12 years behind bars due to public uproar. Karla was finally released in 2005 and is currently residing in Montreal.

"It's not necessarily a compelling vindication of Bernardo," writes investigative journalist Trish Wood, "but when you look at the Tammy Homolka case and then say, 'Who is the more likely killer, and who had the motive?' it's Karla."

"So you're married to Jesus. What's he like in the sack?"



BOOK REVIEW BY
KEITH VALCOURT

PUCKER UP!

PUCKER: THE SEDUCTIVE ART OF MATT BUSCH

FANS OF SCIENCE FICTION, ROCK 'N' ROLL and hot chicks don't agree on much except maybe that illustrator Matt Busch is the man. If you count yourself among the members of any of the aforementioned groups and don't know his name, then you just haven't been paying attention.

Since 1972 the self-proclaimed "Junk Food" artist has provided the entertainment world with a cavalcade of his stirring creations. As the commissioned illustrator of an array of *Star Wars* books and marketing materials for the films (including a 25th-anniversary poster for *The Empire Strikes Back*), Busch is a hero to sci-fi geeks around the world. He has also provided art for many other Hollywood properties, including *Lord of the Rings*, *Star Trek*, *RoboCop*, *The Matrix* and *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*.

Rock fans should be extremely familiar with the versatile Detroit-based artist's work on concert posters, T-shirts, band merchandise and CD covers over the past 15 years. Busch has been called into service by a literal who's who of music artists, including The Beastie Boys, Foo Fighters, Billy Joel, Beck, Ozzy Osbourne, LL Cool J, Poison, Garbage, Mötley Crüe, Ted Nugent, Black Sabbath and hell, even bubbleheaded pop princess Jessica Simpson.

In his new book, *Pucker*, Busch collects full-color drawings and lifelike illustrations of dozens of the sexiest women (both real and imagined) on this or any planet. Included are renderings inspired by time spent with models Alley Baggett, Daria Jontak, Leeann Tweeden, his girlfriend and main muse Sarah Wilkinson, and other glamorous ladies. Busch even takes us inside his "process" and shows how he creates the fantasy images through a series of scribbles, sketches and conjured-up ideas.

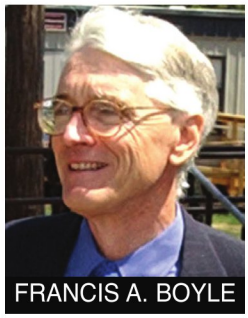
Need even more Busch? Check out his Web site, MattBusch.com.

Pucker is available in either hardcover or softcover editions at bookstores or online at SQPinc.com.

ANTHRAX COVERUP?

A GOVERNMENT INSIDER SPEAKS OUT

IS IT POSSIBLE that the anthrax attacks were launched from within our own government? A former Bush 1 advisor thinks it is.


FRANCIS A. BOYLE

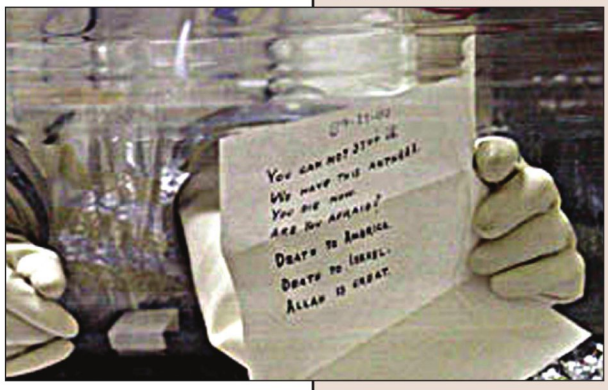
Francis A. Boyle, an international law expert who worked under the first Bush Administration as a bioweapons advisor in the 1980s, has said that he is convinced the October 2001 anthrax attacks that killed five people were perpetrated and covered up by criminal elements of the U.S. government. The motive: to foment a police state by killing off and intimidating opposition to post-9/11 legislation such as the USA PATRIOT Act and the later Military Commissions Act.

"After the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, the Bush Administration tried to ram the USA PATRIOT Act through Congress," Boyle said in a radio interview with Austin-based talk-show host Alex Jones. "That would have set up a police state.

"Senators Tom Daschle (D-South Dakota) and Patrick Leahy (D-Vermont) were holding it up because they realized what this would lead to. The first draft of the PATRIOT Act would have suspended the writ of habeas corpus [which protects citizens from unlawful imprisonment and guarantees due process of law]. Then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, come these anthrax attacks."

BY STEVE WATSON

"At the time I myself did not know precisely what was going on, either with respect to September 11 or the anthrax attacks, but then the *New York Times* revealed the technology behind the letter to Senator Daschle. [The anthrax used was] a trillion spores per gram, [refined with] special electro-static treatment. This is superweapons-grade anthrax that even the United States government, in its openly proclaimed programs, had never developed before. So it was obvious to me that this was from a U.S. government lab. There is nowhere else you could have gotten that."



Boyle's assessment was based on his years of expertise regarding America's bioweapons programs. He was responsible for drafting the Biological Weapons Anti-Terrorism Act of 1989 that was passed unanimously by both houses of Congress and signed into law by President George H.W. Bush.

After realizing that the anthrax attacks looked like a domestic job, Boyle called a high-level official in the FBI who deals with terrorism and counterterrorism, Marion "Spike" Bowman. Boyle and Bowman had met at a terrorism conference at the University of Michigan Law School. Boyle told Bowman that the only people who would have the capability to carry out the attacks were individuals working on U.S. government anthrax programs with access to a high-level biosafety lab. Boyle gave Bowman a full list of names of scientists, contractors and labs conducting anthrax work for the U.S. government and military.

Bowman then informed Boyle that the FBI was working with Fort Detrick on the matter. Boyle expressed his view that Fort Detrick could be the main problem. As widely reported in 2002 publications, notably the *New Scientist*, the anthrax strain used in the attacks was officially assessed as "military grade."

"Soon after I informed Bowman of this information, the FBI authorized the destruction of the Ames cultural anthrax database," the professor said. The Ames strain turned out to be the same strain as the spores used in the attacks.

The alleged destruction of the anthrax culture collection at Ames, Iowa, from which the Fort Detrick lab got its pathogens, was blatant destruction of evidence. It meant that there was no way of finding out which strain was sent to whom to develop the larger breed of anthrax used in the attacks. The trail of genetic evidence would have led directly back to a secret government biowarfare program.

"Clearly, for the FBI to have authorized this was obstruction of justice, a federal crime," said Boyle. "That collection should have been preserved and protected as evidence. That's the DNA, the fingerprints right there. It later came out, of course, that this was Ames strain anthrax that was behind the Daschle and Leahy letters."

At that point, recounted Boyle, it became very clear to him that there was a coverup underway. He later discovered, while reading David Ray Griffin's book on the 9/11 attacks, *The New Pearl Harbor*, that Bowman was the same FBI agent who allegedly sabotaged the FISA warrant for access to [convicted co-conspirator] Zacharias Moussaoui's computer prior to 9/11. Moussaoui's computer contained information that could have helped prevent the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

In 2003, Bowman was promoted and given the Presidential Rank Award by FBI Director Robert S. Mueller. Senator Chuck Grassley (R-Iowa) wrote a letter to Mueller, chastising the organization for granting such an honor to an agent who had so obviously compromised America's security. *(continued on page 66)*

AMERITHRAX: A DRAGNET FULL OF HOLES

In the five years since the anthrax attacks, descriptions of the FBI's AMERITHRAX investigation have shifted from "closing in" on a culprit in 2003 to "casting a wider net" in 2006. What happened?

Within weeks of the 2001 attacks, the FBI ruled out al Qaeda as a suspect after analyzing the letters and anthrax spores sent to senators Tom Daschle and Patrick Leahy, adopting instead the theory that an American had sent them as a warning about the dangers of bioterrorism.

In late October 2001, Homeland Security Director Tom Ridge announced that the FBI had identified the spores as being of the Ames strain. By 2002, the agency had traced their origin to the U.S. Army Medical Research Institute of Infectious Diseases (USAMRIID) at Fort Detrick, Maryland. Their "person of interest," according to then-Attorney General John Ashcroft, was Stephen J. Hatfill, a microbiologist who had worked at the Fort Detrick lab up until 1999 and still lived nearby.

Hatfill was never charged and, as reporters revealed in 2002, the agency was sluggish about pursuing USAMRIID leads. Two years later it emerged that federal investigators were still looking at Fort Detrick—even sealing off lab suites and seizing records—but were unable to disclose any new evidence. Newspapers in 2004 began citing officials as saying that because the lab was used to investigate the letters in 2001, it would be hard to tell if any evidence found resulted from pre-attack preparation or post-attack examination.

In science journals and mainstream outlets such as the *Washington Post*, scientists working for the FBI were quoted as saying initial assessments of the anthrax spores were wrong. They revised their analyses from "weaponized" anthrax with "limited distribution" to a near-ubiquitous "purified" type. Unnamed officials also told the BBC that the spores were not "military grade" and contained no special additives, contrary to early reports. The altered data effectively shifted the focus from government labs in the U.S. to more prevalent civilian labs, such as hospitals and corporate labs anywhere in the world—where it would be virtually impossible to nail down.

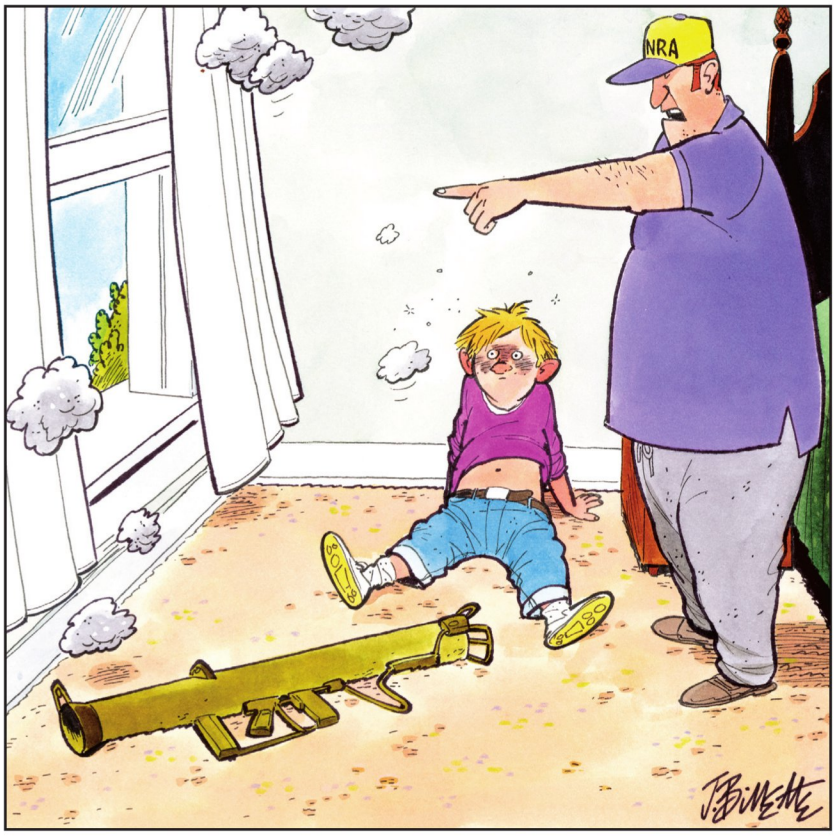
On October 23, 2006, Senator Charles Grassley (R-Iowa) sent a letter to Attorney General Alberto Gonzales requesting a briefing. "The FBI has little in the way of results to show for its work," he wrote.

The FBI's Assistant Director for Congressional Affairs, the agency's lobbying muscle on Capitol Hill, responded by making the stonewall official: "After sensitive information about the investigation citing Congressional sources was reported in the media, the Department of Justice and the FBI agreed that no additional briefings to Congress would be provided."

The new memo echoed a briefing in 2002, when senators Daschle and Leahy—targets of the original attack—questioned Dwight Adams, chief FBI scientist, about the assessment of the spores. Adams stated that there was "specific information that I did not feel appropriate to share with either the media or to the Hill because it was too sensitive of the information to do so."

—Mark Johnson

"Iraq is *not* in a civil war! A civil war has two armies in blue and gray uniforms fighting over niggers!"



"Son, how many times have I told you to *never* touch Daddy's bazooka?! Now march your butt across the street and apologize to Mrs. Nelson for blowing up her house!"

ANTHRAX COVERUP?

During the anthrax scare, the House of Representatives was officially shut down for the first time in the history of the republic. Once opposition from Leahy and Daschle evaporated in the wake of the attempts on their lives, the USA PATRIOT Act was rammed through. Testimony by Representative Ron Paul (R-Texas) revealed that most members of Congress were compelled to vote for the bill without even reading it.

"They were going to move to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, which is all that really separates us from a police state," Boyle said. "And that is what they have done now with respect to enemy combatants [in the Military Commissions Act of 2006]." Boyle added that lawmakers are now arguing that Amendment XIV, which guarantees due process of law to all Americans, does not mean what it has been taken to mean and that, under the Military Commissions Act, any U.S. citizen can be stripped of citizenship and be labeled an enemy combatant.

Continued Boyle: "In other words, they have taken the position that at some point in time, if they want to, they can unilaterally round up United States native-born citizens, as they did for Japanese-Americans in World War II, and stick us into concentration camps."

Boyle asserted that top officials, such as White House legal advisor John Yoo and former Assistant Attorney General Jack Goldsmith (now a professor at Harvard Law School), are pushing for the legalization of torture as well.

"The Nazis did the exact same thing," said Boyle. "They had their lawyers infiltrating law schools. Carl Schmidt was the worst, and he was the mentor to Leo Strauss, the [ideological] founder of the neoconservatives. So the same phenomenon that started in Nazi Germany is happening here, and I exaggerate not. We could all be tortured; we could all be treated this way."

Boyle stressed that it is vital to keep up the pressure on Senator Leahy, who now chairs the Senate Judiciary Committee, giving him subpoena power. Since Leahy was himself a target, he may have sufficient motivation to get to the bottom of the attacks. The FBI and the Justice Department have so far refused full disclosure to Congress.

In addition to his credentials as a government advisor, Boyle also holds a doctorate of law magna cum laude and a Ph.D. in political science, both from Harvard University. He teaches international law at the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana. Boyle also served on the Board of Directors of Amnesty International (1988-92) and represented Bosnia-Herzegovina at the World Court.

Boyle alleged that due to his activities as a lawyer, he was interrogated by an agent from the CIA/FBI Joint Terrorism Task Force in the summer of 2004. The agent tried to recruit him as an informant to provide the FBI with information on his Arab and Muslim clients. When he refused, according to Boyle, the FBI placed him on the government's terrorism watch lists.

This article has been reprinted with the permission of Alex Jones, Steve Watson and InfoWars.net. HUSTLER Research Director Mark Johnson contributed to this report.

"Just one more detail, sir. Would you like a dollar of your taxes to go to neutering Jenna and Barbara Bush?"

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

By Malibu

Last summer I had quite an adventure, to say the least. As he had every summer before, my rich daddy rented me a cool beach house in the Hamptons. I invited my best friend, a hot brunette named Paulina, along for the three-month adventure. We also planned on bringing our respective boyfriends (Skip and Addison) along, but those bastards decided to dump us the night before and go to Miami with those sluts, the Manetti sisters. God, I hate Muff and Acky!

That left poor Paulina and I all alone in the cool beach house with nothing to do. Sure, there were hot guys all around, but who needed *that* hassle? Plus, something told me that we should stay in and just hang with each other.

I don't know how, but something amazing happened. Neither one of us had ever been with a girl before, but we found ourselves attracted to each other. I don't remember if it was Paulina or I who made the first move. All I remember is that before long we were kissing and playing with each other's pussies. I couldn't believe how sweet the juices from Paulina's snatch were. They tasted just like fresh-squeezed lemonade.

Then I broke out a double-ended dildo, and Paulina and I took turns ramming it into each other's hungry holes. This was better than Addison, who always seemed to come too quick. The sex went on for hours, ending only after we collapsed into a satisfied heap.

The two of us spent most of the summer that way. Oh sure, we occasionally picked up a surfer dude and had threesomes, but mostly it was just Paulina and I. Last summer is one I will never forget. I sure can't wait to meet up with Paulina again at the beach house this summer.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

PAULINA JAMES & MALIBU

Blond bombshell **Malibu** puts out in *Alpha 15: Reform School Girls*, *Barely Legal #61*, *Barely Legal Innocence #5* and *Li'l White Chicks*, while tawny **Paulina** heats up *18 and Easy #5*, *Barely Legal #64*, *Barely Legal Jungle Fever* and *Campus Confessions #11* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

POW WOW COMEDY JAM

PHOTO BY ALBERTO RODRIGUEZ

MARC YAFFEE

VAUGHN EAGLEBEAR

JIM RUEL

FEATURES EDITOR **ED RAMPELL** GOES "NATIVE" WITH AMERICAN INDIAN COMICS

POW WOW COMEDY JAM is a trailblazing group of four Native American warrior/comics who perform standup. Their "long trail of laughs" stretches from reservations to college campuses to casinos to comedy clubs across the continent their ancestors once owned. The Jam's jokes have an original *Amerind* perspective, uniquely different from other types of ethnic humor. Sometimes performing in traditional attire and beads, the tribal jesters share a witty motto: "Taking back the land one joke at a time!"

During American Indian Heritage Month, buxom beauty **DeLanna Studi** emceed the Jam's show at Hollywood's The Improv. An indigenous actress, DeLanna appeared in the made-for-TV movies *DreamKeeper* and *Edge of America*, which co-starred DeLanna's uncle, Wes Studi (*Geronimo*, *Dances With Wolves*, *The Last of the Mohicans*). The nearly sold-out Improv performance was attended by many Natives, including Greg Spencer of Arizona's Tohono O'odham tribe, who told HUSTLER, "L.A. is the biggest urban center for Indians living off of the reservation."

JIM RUEL

The Improv show was a fund-raiser for Red Nation Celebration, an American Indian nonprofit organization established to showcase contemporary and traditional indigenous artists to the mainstream media. Their treaties with Washington's Great White Father may have been broken, but the Jam's spirits—and senses of humor—aren't.

With waist-long hair, **Jim Ruel**—who grew up in Wisconsin and bills himself as "The Noble Savage of Comedy"—is a member of the Bay Mills Band of Ojibwe. Ruel was selected as one of the top comics in 2004's NBC Diversity Talent Search, which encourages a broader ethnic spectrum in front of and behind the camera. He appeared on the BBC's *The World Stands Up* TV program, featuring comics from "both sides of the Pond." Ruel has performed at the 2002 Chicago Comedy Festival and on the same bill as Dave Chappelle, Lewis Black and Gilbert Gottfried. Politically conscious, Ruel also has emceed the Antiwar Comedy Tour.

"I'm from Milwaukee—actually, that's why I'm an alcoholic, not because I'm Indian," kids Ruel, who often spoofs movie and other stereotypes of Natives. When asked "to do a rain dance," he breaks out into a funky faux rendition, shooting back: "Why would I know that? My apartment has running water."

Ruel adds, "People ask me if Indians celebrate Thanksgiving. We do; we call it 'You're Welcome Day.' Being an Indian on Columbus Day is like being Jewish on Christmas, a lumberjack on Arbor Day, or a test-tube baby on Mother's Day. One of my favorite holidays is Halloween. Last year I was 'Indian' Jones: 'Hey,

J.R. REDWATER

DELANNA STUDI

PHOTOS BY ED RAMPELL (EXCEPT AS NOTED)

From left to right: Jim Ruel, J.R. Redwater and Marc Yaffee.

I'm breaking into museums and stealing my people's stuff back!'"

Ruel calls Indians who sell their people out "Uncle Tomahawks." When nervous, he quips, "I'm sweating arrows." Ruel figures: "There aren't many Native real estate agents because they'd be too angry. 'How much for the house?' 'You can't have it!'"

An enrolled member of the Standing Rock Sioux Tribe, **J.R. Redwater**—whose indigenous name means Brave Eagle—grew up on a "res" in South Dakota. The Navy veteran performs in comedy clubs around the country, including L.A.'s Comedy Store and Laugh Factory (where Michael "Kramer" Richards had his racist meltdown). Looking at the Improv's largely Native crowd, Redwater jibes: "I'd hate to be white in this audience. Hold on to your hair!"

A recovering alcoholic—clean and sober for four years—Redwater is also a motivational speaker who jokes: "I didn't even know we were allowed to leave the reservation. I'd stand on the border, and people would say, 'J.R., what are you doing?' 'I'm waiting for the sacred Budweiser truck.' When Indians give up drinking, we call it a 'vision quest.' Everybody says, 'All Indians like to do is drink.' All right, I'll give you that one. It makes perfect sense: The white man introduced alcohol to the Indian so he could steal our land. Some call this one of the worst genocides in history. I like to call it one of the longest happy hours ever. If only we had an honest bartender: 'Excuse me, chief, I've got to cut you off. You're losing your continent!' Like the Asian man, the Indian man is missing the enzyme that helps him deal with alcohol. Just like the white man, who's missing the enzyme that helps them deal with colored people."

VAUGHN EAGLEBEAR

PHOTO BY ALBERTO RODRIGUEZ

Redwater disputes the theory that Indians "came over on the ice bridge from Asia. That means originally we were Chinese! One of the first things we did when we got here was set up fast-food restaurants. My favorite is Kung-Powwow. Somewhere along the line, we lost the slanty eyes—and the math skills!" As the joke ends, J.R. pretends to count his fingers, a perplexed look on his face.

MARC YAFFEE

Marc Yaffee, Pow Wow Comedy Jam's founder, wears shoulder-length tresses, has appeared on television programs (notably Galavision's *¡Que Locos!* and Si TV's standup showcase *Funny Is Funny*), as well as at Boston and Las Vegas comedy festivals. Yaffee has also performed for U.S. troops in Guam, Singapore, Japan, Korea (South, not North!) and the Persian Gulf. Yaffee kvetches that during his stint at the U.S. Navy's 5th Fleet headquarters in Bahrain, it was so hot there that he saw "a camel's hump evaporate. Michael Jackson has moved to the Middle East—like they don't hate us enough? It's so hot in the Middle East that Michael Jackson is black again!"

Yaffee is a mixture of Mexican, Irish and Navajo, "a Mexi-jo. Or, as I'm known on racial surveys—Other. Look at me: Mexicans think I'm

Indian; Indians think I'm Asian; cops think I'm a suspect. My ancestors exploited my own ancestors. I feel guilty—and oppressed!"

Raised by a Mexican father and a Jewish mother, Yaffee was an "adopt-ajo" who never met his indigenous birth father, Runs From Responsibility. "I was the only altar boy at church wearing a yarmulke and praying for rain!" he jests, chanting. "I didn't find out I was Navajo until I was 25. All those years playing Cowboys and Indians—I was suiting up and playing for the wrong team!" Born in East L.A., Yaffee calls himself "a California Sioux: I *sue* Wal-Mart, I *sue* McDonald's; next week I'll *sue* my agent!"

Family is a big part of Yaffee's schtick: "I'm still married, because neither of us wants custody of the kids. We have a mixed marriage. My wife is paranoid-schizophrenic, and I'm obsessive-compulsive. She invites over her imaginary friends, and I make them take off their shoes before they enter the house." An ex-teacher, Yaffee homeschools his daughters (Little Big Mouth and Grounded Till Christmas), proudly declaring: "One of my kids is always 'student of the month.' Last week they were working on their Native American studies. I taught them how to deal blackjack.

"The Supreme Court just ruled that the Ku Klux Klan can adopt a highway for litter removal. Trash is now picked up by white trash. The KKK is the only organization stupid enough to have a uniform with a dunce cap. That's a little one-man teepee of hate, isn't it? I was recently accosted by a white supremacist. [*In a redneck accent.*] 'I wish you minorities would all go back to your own country.' 'Like dude, I'm Navajo. I'm in my own country. Last time I checked, you weren't on the guest list.'"

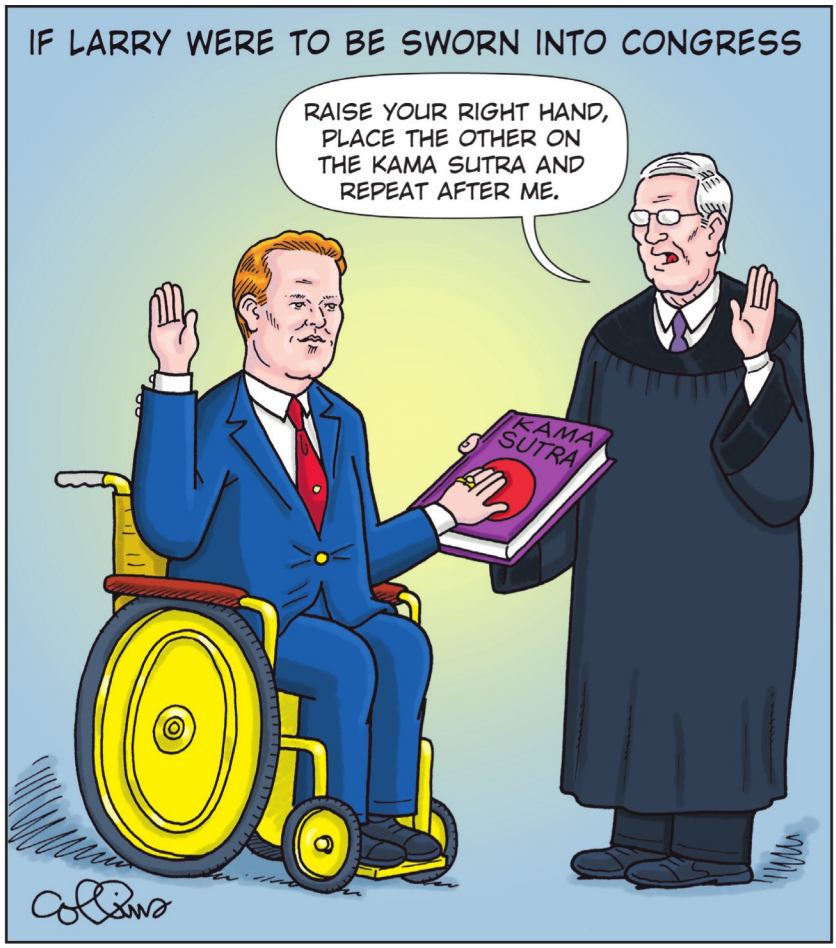
Yaffee's comedy has taken him to "a drunk tank called Texas, where they have three time zones: drinking, drunk and unconscious. … I gave up drinking for New Year's—or as the judge called it: 'A plea agreement.'" He adds: "You know who loves police Breathalyzer tests? Potheads!"

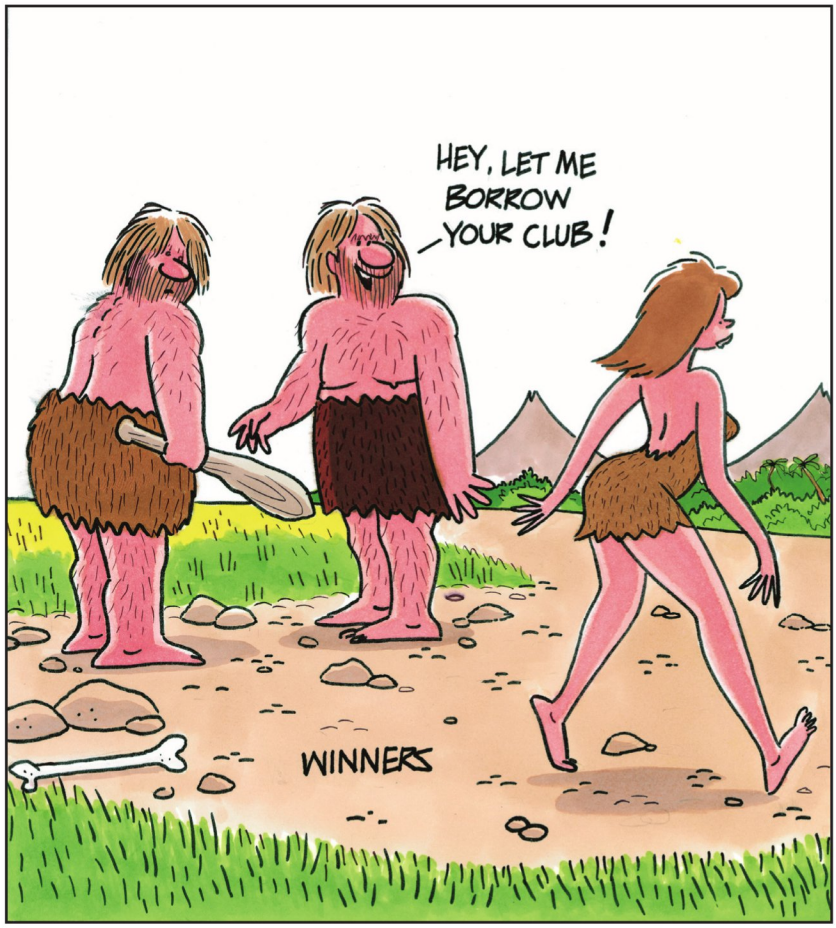
Vaughn Eaglebear is a Lakota Sioux from Washington State. A Pow Wow master of ceremonies, Eaglebear won the 2003 Spokane Comedy Competition. He composed a song called "John Wayne's Teeth" for the Indian indie film *Smoke Signals*, which features the indigenous irony also found in his standup. Eaglebear's witty one-liners fly as fast and furious as arrows shot at circled covered wagons.

"I can't stand Indian-givers," he starts off his routine. "Wait a minute—I take that back. I smoke so much marijuana that my friends call me a 'toking Indian.' My Indian studies teacher was a white lady. She wanted me to do a cultural presentation. So I built a bonfire and tied her up. April showers bring May flowers, and Mayflowers bring Pilgrims. The Cleveland Indians are changing their name so they won't promote negative stereotypes. From now on they'll be known as just the Indians.

"Saddam said the same thing that General Custer said at Little Big Horn: 'Where the hell did all these tomahawks come from?'"

For more, check out PowWowComedyJam.com.


IF LARRY WERE TO BE SWORN INTO CONGRESS
RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND, PLACE THE OTHER ON THE KAMA SUTRA AND REPEAT AFTER ME.
KAMA SUTRA



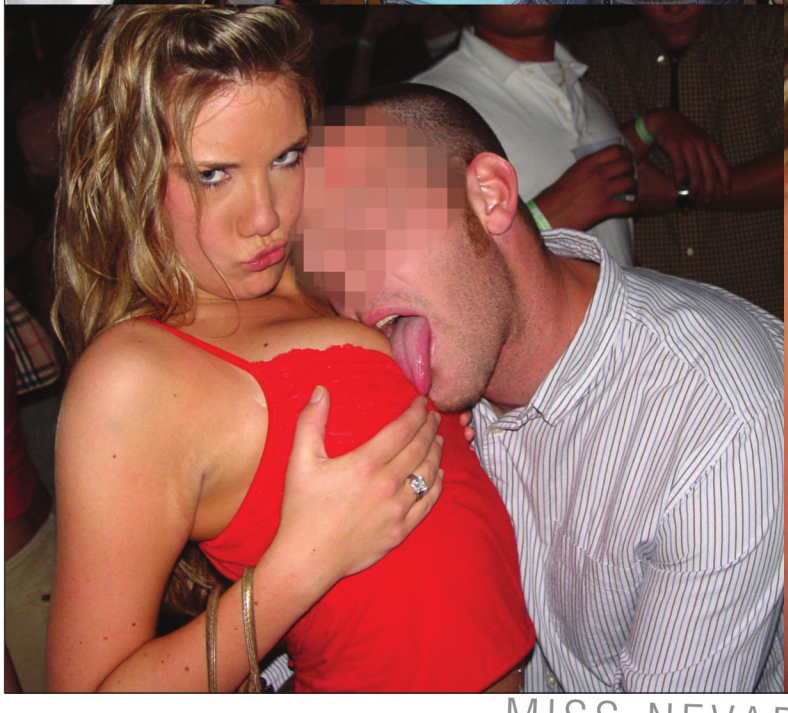
EXCLUSIVE!

MISS NEVADA EXPOSED

A WILD NIGHT OF PARTYING COSTS BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER KATIE REES HER CROWN

BY MARK JOHNSON

Wild ride: In a short time, Katie Rees (in red top) has gone from party girl to beauty queen to Vegas variety-show host. Her latest gig comes with a multimillion-dollar contract.



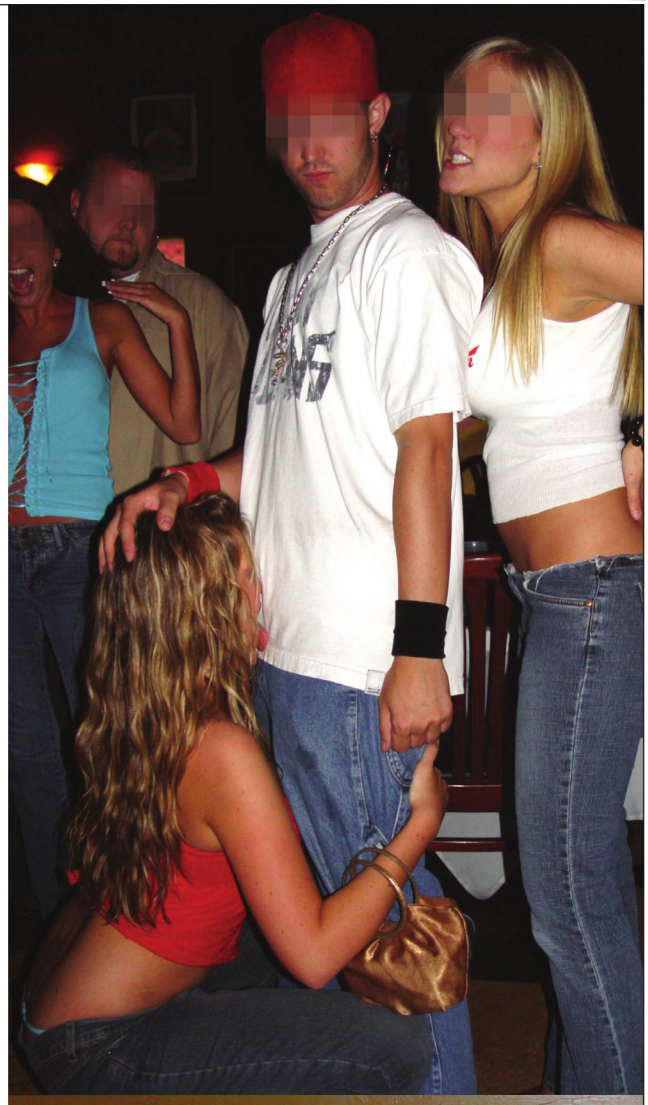
PROVING THAT BEAUTY QUEENS are just porn stars in denial, Miss Nevada USA became the third all-American tiara-holder in one week to get spanked for showing off her wild side. Katie Rees was stripped of her title after these and other provocative photos of the then-barely legal libertine fell into the hands of a photo agent. Admittedly boozed-up, the comely miss was snapped stripping, smooching and simulating oral sex with males and females at a Tampa, Florida, nightclub three years before garnering the title in October 2006.

The title Miss Nevada may now fit better than ever (she won it in Sin City, for Chrissakes!), but pageant officials opted to hand over the sash to First Runner-up Helen Salas, issuing a statement that Rees "has been relieved of her duties."

Maybe pageant co-owner Donald Trump didn't feel like listening to another bleary-eyed apology, like the one from Miss USA Tara Conner just a couple of days earlier. Conner had been caught allegedly snorting cocaine and making out with a sauced-up Miss Teen USA Katie Blair. Trump gave Conner a second chance after she promised to go into rehab and stop disrespecting the good-girl image. Blair, meanwhile, had to face the rage of Mothers Against Drunk Driving when the MADD mamas ditched her as spokesperson.

Like her sisters in scandal, dethroned Rees gave the media hounds some "I am so sorry" lip service. But a Bob Marley quote on her MySpace page is a truer clue to how she really feels: "Who are you to judge the life I live? I know I'm not perfect—and I don't have to be, but before you start pointing fingers, make sure your hands are clean."

Bravo, Katie. You'll always be Miss Nude Nevada to us.



MISS NEVADA EXPOSED

ANDIE VALENTINO

COMING FROM BEHIND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL

As a HUSTLER covergirl and centerfold, this fresh-faced girl-next-door is off to a great start in the skin biz. “This is my first nude layout,” **Andie** chirps, “and I’m really happy. I love being naked. I think the photos make me look so pretty and sexy. Do you agree?”

That we do, also wondering how the flirtatious legal teen maintains her great shape. “I’m a ballet dancer and have been for years,” **Andie** explains. “That keeps my legs and ass extra tight and firm. Plus, I spend a lot of time at the gym. I get to sweat, and it’s a good place to meet hot guys.”

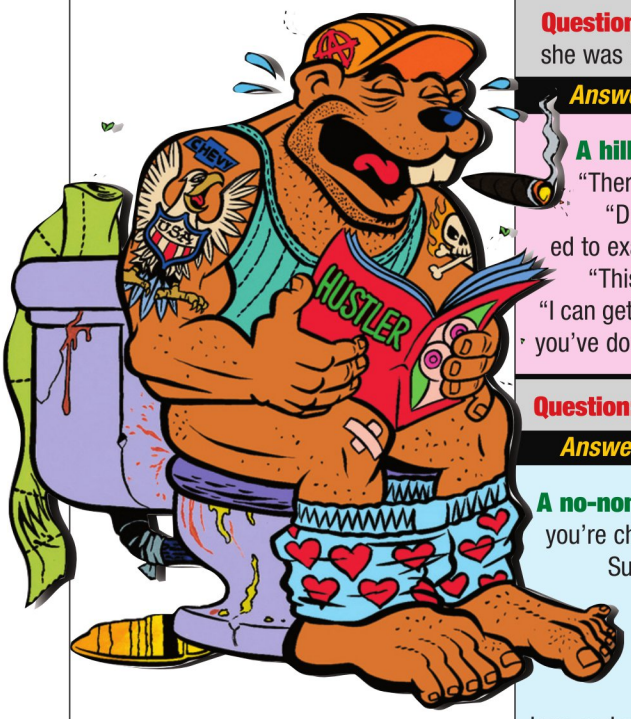
When it comes to the opposite sex, **Andie** admits to being a bit of a heartbreaker. “Men tend to fall in love with me real fast,” she says. “I’m not looking for a steady relationship right now. It’s my time to really play the field and enjoy what’s out there. So if a guy can deal with that, I’m cool.”

Despite not seeking commitment, **Andie** is emphatic about her biggest turn-on. “Sex!” she exclaims. “Just the thought of having it gets me a little wet. I love a guy who is willing to romance me and wait a little bit. That anticipation really gets my juices flowing.”

Does young **Ms. Valentino** already have long-range ambitions? “That’s a tough question,” she goes on. “I’m studying at USC right now and may become a translator. I speak four languages. Right now, though, the idea of being in porn is very attractive to me. I just did my first two sex scenes, so you never know. I’m 18, and the world is in front of me. I’m going to enjoy this ride and see where it takes me.”

ANDIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Granada Hills, California
AGE: 18
BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius
HEIGHT: 5-3
MEASUREMENTS: 34D-26-34



Question: What did the crack whore say when her gums started to bleed while she was brushing her teeth?

Answer: "Thank God, I'm not pregnant!"

A hillbilly went to the emergency room and informed the doctor on duty, "There's a large mole on the end of my dick, and I can't remove it."

"Drop your pants and show me," instructed the M.D., who then proceeded to examine the area.

"This is highly unusual," the doctor concluded after viewing the problem. "I can get rid of that mole, but first I will have to report you to the SPCA for what you've done to this poor animal."

Question: What's a surefire sign your dog may be kinky?

Answer: It prefers mating missionary-style.

A no-nonsense judge informed the double-homicide defendant, "Mr. Burns, you're charged with beating your wife to death with a hammer."

Suddenly, a man sitting in the back of the courtroom hollered, "You bastard!"

Ignoring the outburst, the judge continued, "You're also charged with beating your mother-in-law to death with a hammer."

This time the onlooker howled, "You *lying* bastard!"

The judge looked sternly at the man who'd interrupted the proceedings and snapped, "Sir, you may be angry and frustrated by this man's crimes, but one more outburst and I'll find you in contempt of court. Do you understand?"

The loudmouth replied, "I'm sorry, Your Honor, but I've lived next door to Mr. Jones for the past 15 years, and every time I asked to borrow a hammer, the bastard said he didn't have one!"

Question: What's the best thing about a Jewish-American Princess bleaching her hair blond?

Answer: Now she'll blow you even if you don't have good credit.

Three young women were sentenced to death: a brunette, a redhead and a blonde. A guard escorted the brunette to a brick wall, and the executioner asked if she had any last requests. She said no, and the executioner commanded, "Ready! Aim!—"

Suddenly, the brunette shouted, "Earthquake!"

Startled, everyone threw themselves on the ground while she escaped.

The guard then led the redhead to the wall, and the executioner asked if she had any last requests. She too said no, and the executioner commanded, "Ready! Aim!—"

Suddenly, the redhead yelled, "Tornado!"

Startled, everyone looked around for cover while she escaped.

By now, the blonde had it all figured out. The guard led her to the wall, and the executioner asked if she had any last requests. Smiling, she said no, and the executioner commanded, "Ready! Aim!—"

And the blonde bellowed, "Fire!"

Question: Why do gay athletes wish Gatorade had been invented at Florida State instead of the University of Florida?

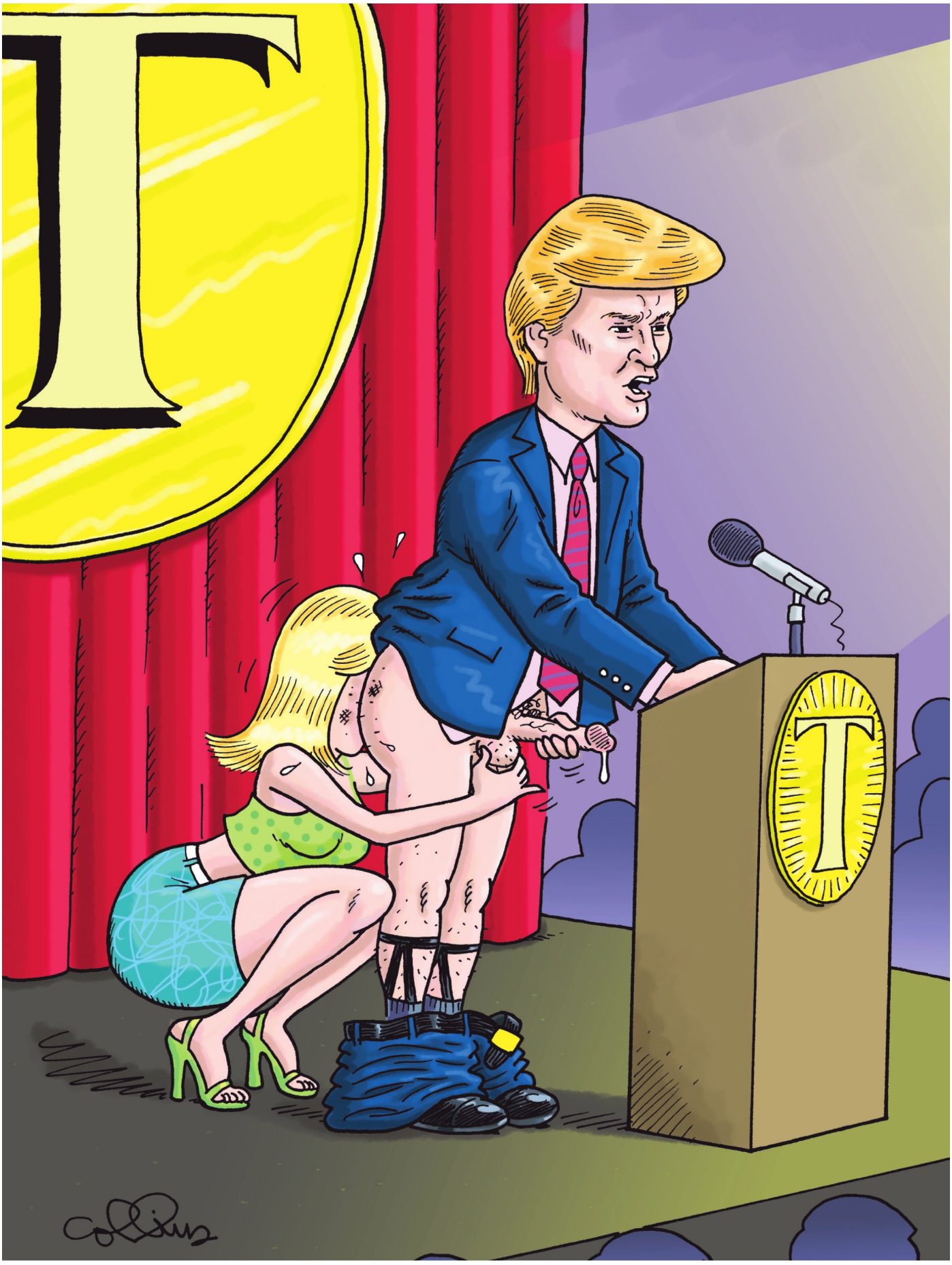
Answer: Because then it would be called "Seminole Fluid."

GRAFFILTHY

Huge titties no doubt,
So big they knock your ass out.
A pussy so wide,
You could jump rope inside.
A clit so huge,
You'd swear she was a dude.
Stretch marks from having 13 babies,
She asks, "Do you wanna fuck?"
I say, "Bitch, you must be crazy!"

Thanks and $50 go to D.M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"I believe everyone, especially Miss USA, deserves a second chance."

Twisted Sister's J.J. French (left) and Dee Snider lounging in Los Angeles.

A TWIST OF FATE

DURING THE 1980s Long Island's favorite sons, Twisted Sister, ruled the airwaves. The band's two biggest hits, "I Wanna Rock" and "We're Not Gonna Take It," became anthems of an emerging hair-metal nation. The kids worshiped their makeup-covered antics while parents, including the wife of future Vice President Al Gore, feared and protested them as evil. Then they seemed to sort of just go away. Maybe it was the comical videos or the emergence of pretty hair bands like Poison and Bon Jovi. Either way Dee, J.J. and the boys appeared to be history.

Flash forward to 2007, and Twisted "Fucking" Sister is back. Their U.S. tour, the first since the 1980s, saw them playing to packed houses and receiving rave reviews. *Bits & Pieces* Editor Keith Valcourt sat down with frontman Dee Snider and lead guitarist J.J. French to discuss the past, present and future of Twisted Sister.

HUSTLER: What brought you guys back together?

DEE SNIDER: We got together for all the right reasons. It wasn't about money. It was about patching up old wounds and becoming friends again. We played festivals in Europe. One-off shows here and there over the last couple of years. Then we kind of went our separate ways.

You guys are in your 50s. Do you still "Wanna Rock"?

SNIDER: The most recent rock 'n' roll thing I've done was crawl around onstage on all fours every night live with Twisted Sister. We are in makeup and costumes, and I'm crawling around thinking "I'm 51!"

J.J. FRENCH: We are touring as middle-age transvestites in front of 60,000 people. Does that not garner the respect of my peers? I look at our life, especially when I'm onstage in front of all those screaming kids who are going nuts, and I say to myself, "Man I'm a lucky SOB." How many people would give their life to live that way?

SNIDER: I just grabbed my dick in Canada in front of 80,000 people. Rock 'n' roll? You bet!

What is Twisted Sister's legacy?

FRENCH: That depends on where you are. The band's image is perceived so strangely in totally different ways. In Europe we are considered an über-metal band. We are not like a funny gimmicky band [as we have] been interpreted in America. We can go to Europe and play death metal festivals with Cradle of Filth, Hatebreed and headline over Slayer.

SNIDER: Hair metal didn't exist till we came out. We were a bar band that meshed glam, new wave, heavy metal and punk.

FRENCH: We had our own rules and were not part of the American metal scene, yet we helped create it.

SNIDER: While we were rocking in bars, bands like Bon Jovi and Poison would come out and spend their time at our shows watching and studying.

FRENCH: They were all five years younger than us and watching what we did to take things and alter their style. ■

LICK IT STICK IT FIX IT UP

A SMATTERING OF NEW COOL KISS SWAG FROM ICUP.

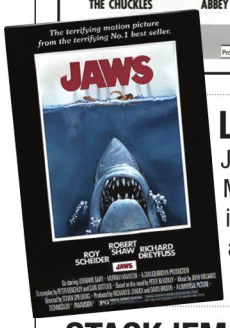
OUR PALS AT ICUP have put out a handful of items for KISS fans that we just had to share. Check out the KISS album cover coaster box set for those KISS coffeehouse mugs, or the cool KISS pint glasses, which are adorned with album art. The four coasters are double-sided and also feature KISS album cover artwork. Scorch your lips on that fiery dark roast?

Soothe them with a KISS lip balm stick—try the Black Diamond mint. Or you can lick up the KISS Lollipop with their masterful reproduction of the *Rock and Roll Over* album cover. Finally, what to do with yourself while idling away hours at the coffeehouse? How about KISS checkers? Or you can put together the KISS jigsaw puzzle or test your trivia with the KISS Got to Choose Card Game. Available at gift and music stores near you, or online at Icuplnc.com. —*Tom Farrell*

NEWS

OOH, JAYNE MANSFIELD, SUPERSTAR!

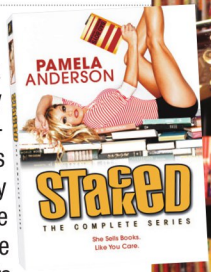
MGM's Jayne Mansfield Collection pulls three of the buxom blonde's flicks, but aside from *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw* and *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, the one that caught our attention was her 1956 opus, *The Girl Can't Help It*, which introduced many of rock music's pioneers to Middle America. The film features unforgettable and rare clips from Gene Vincent and his Blue Caps, Little Richard, Fats Domino, Eddie Cochran and more. An unforgettable and rare slice of early rock 'n' roll. —*T.F.*



LIFE'S A BEACH

Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the toy store… McFarlane Toys has launched a line of cool 3-D movie posters, including *Nightmare on Elm Street* and the summertime horror movie *Jaws*. —*K.V.*

STACK 'EM UP!



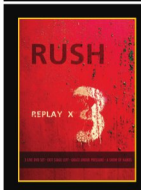
Some may consider Pamela Anderson to be a modern-day Jayne Mansfield. Her short-lived Fox sitcom *Stacked* is now available on DVD. The very funny complete series with five unaired shows features the blond beauty in skimpy outfits and comedians Elon Gold and Brian Scolaro. Did we mention skimpy outfits? —*K.V.*

SIX-PACK

Six boxed sets you need to know about.

VARIOUS
This Is Gothic—The Bat Cave Anthology
Cleopatra Records

Named after the London-based early-'80s venue that served as the Cavern Club for goth, this double-disc anthology culls together some of the most important names in early dark wavedom as well as a few bands new to the coven. Highlights: Alien Sex Fiend, Southern Death Cult (now known as The Cult), 45 Grave, Christian Death and the March Violets. A great starting point for noobs. Goth out with your cross out. —*T.F.*



RUSH
Rush Replay X 3
Mercury/Universal Music

Rush Replay X 3 is a three-DVD set of some of the venerable Canadian trio's best tours during the '80s. It covers the *Exit Stage Left*, *Grace Under Pressure* and *Show of Hands* tours. This belongs in every Rush fan's collection. —*T.F.*

N.W.A.
The Strength of Street Knowledge—The Best of N.W.A.
Priority EMI

It's been two decades since N.W.A. told us to "Fuck the Police." *The Strength of Street Knowledge—The Best of N.W.A.* is 15 tracks of their finest joints. A bonus DVD includes (uncensored) vids for "Straight Outta Compton," "Express Yourself," "Appetite for Destruction" and more! Plus band interviews. — *T.F.*

MICHAEL JACKSON
Visionary: Michael Jackson—The Video Singles
Sony

This handsome boxed set compiles individually packaged videos from the post-Jackson 5 solo career of the King of Pop. The videos reinforce why Jackson earned the royal epithet during his '80s peak. This box is an indispensable document of one of pop music's greatest performers. Visionary indeed. —*T.F.*

AL GREEN
Al Green: The Definitive Greatest Hits
Capitol EMI

One of soul's greatest crooners is honored with a 21-track CD of greatest hits and faves, backed with a DVD featuring two live performances from Green's 1972 Rolling on the River tour, a live appearance on 1978's *Soundstage* show, two recent numbers from VH1 Classic, and the music video for "I Can't Stop." — *T.F.*

KISS
KISS Alive!: 1975-2000
Mercury/UME

This four-CD boxed set compiles the three previously released *KISS Alive!* albums and the band's 2000 Millennium concert. Nicely put together, with a beautiful color insert booklet featuring artwork from the original releases. — *T.F.*

"Omigod! My blow-up doll in bed with a helium balloon! How could you?!"

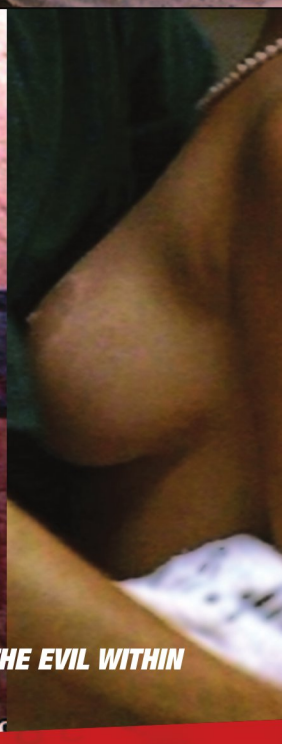
Movie Mammaries

POISON IVY

Drew Barrymore

BORN INTO A FAMILY OF ACTING ROYALTY, **Drew Barrymore** was destined to be a superstar. Her father was actor **John Drew Barrymore**, her grandfather actor **John Barrymore** and great-aunt **Ethel Barrymore**. **Drew** first achieved recognition as the lovable little girl Gertie in **Steven Spielberg**'s *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. Growing up in the public eye, the precocious kid became a notorious party girl. **Drew** offered her first hint of fleshy love in 1992 as the lusty Lolita in *Poison Ivy*. She followed that with the ultra-low-budget horror flick *Doppelganger: The Evil Within*, which is most memorable for its nude, blood-soaked shower scene.

Drew's greatest work was on display in two memorable 1994 movies. First, in the estrogen-soaked Western *Bad Girls*, which let us get a good look at the blond cutie tied up with her tits out. Viewers also enjoyed the bouncing beauty playfully splashing topless in a pond and several other scenes wherein **Ms. Barrymore** parades around in supersexy lingerie. The second flick is the depressing *Boys on the Side* with **Whoopi Goldberg**. Fast-forward past all the melodrama and check out the scene where she taunts her ex-boyfriend with her beautiful boobies, plus the shirt-free sexcapades with a cop. Sadly, **Drew**'s parade of ta-tas came to a grinding halt with a bedroom tryst in 1995's *Mad Love.*



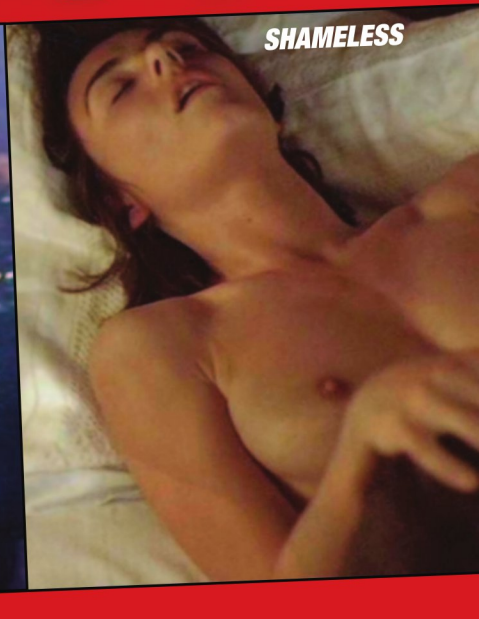
DOPPELGANGER: THE EVIL WITHIN

Rent These NOW!

ARIA

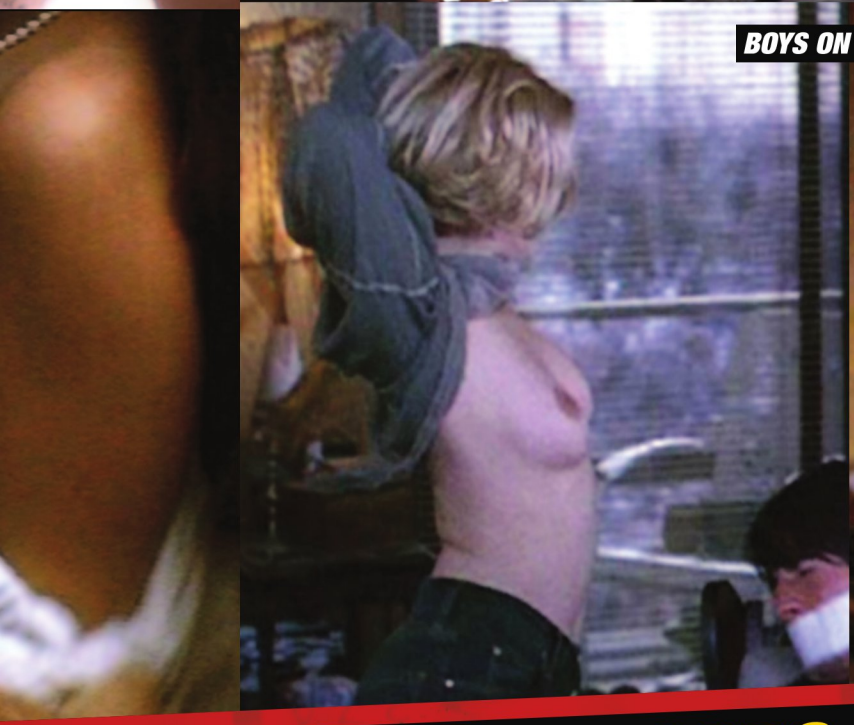
ROWING WITH THE WIND

KILL CRUISE



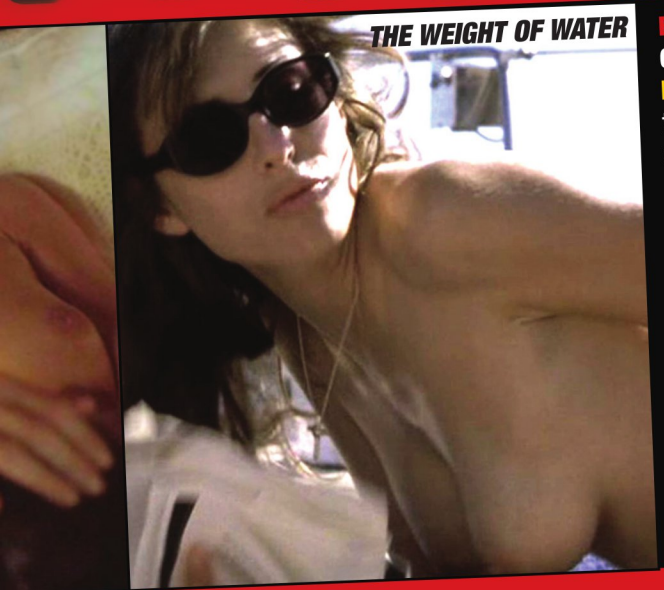
SHAMELESS

BAD GIRLS



BOYS ON THE SIDE

BONUS BOOBS: Elizabeth Hurley

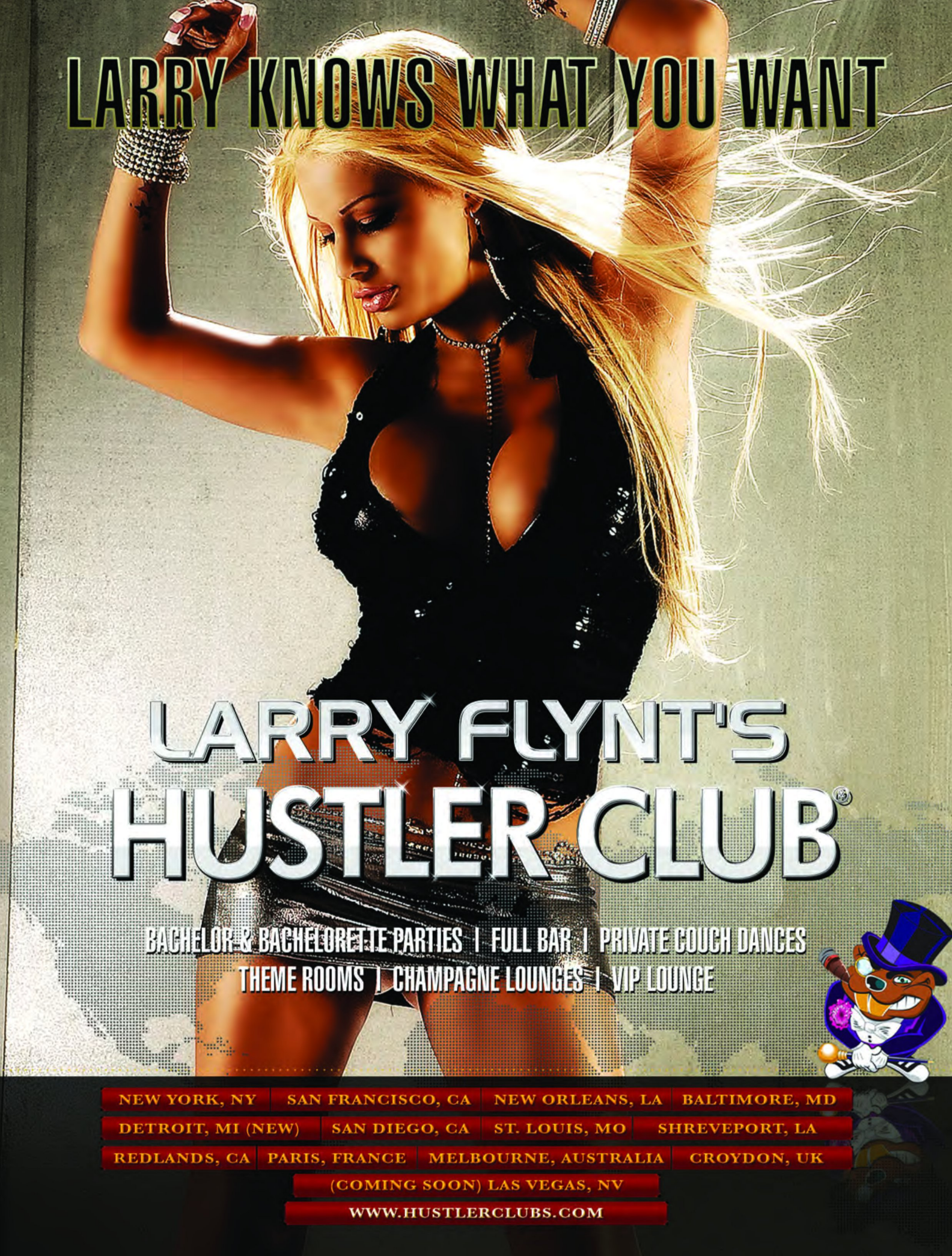


THE WEIGHT OF WATER

BECAUSE SHE IS BEST KNOWN for being the beleaguered girlfriend actor **Hugh Grant** cheated on with prostitute **Divine Brown**, it's easy to forget that **Elizabeth Hurley** is an actress with a risqué résumé. Before breaking into film, the British beauty and Estée Lauder fragrance model began her career as a dancer and theater actress in her native England. Many of her appearances on the silver screen are in bit parts that showcase her bit parts. In 1987 she introduced the world to her true talents in a pair of art films, *Aria* and *Rowing With the Wind*. Both flicks offer long looks at her luscious melons. *Kill Cruise* (1990) featured **Hurley** as a beauty queen and includes a half-naked backstage costume change. The boobs just kept coming through the 1990s with a late-night sex romp in *Nightscare* (1993) and in *Shameless* (1995).

After **Hurley**'s breakup with **Grant** she broke free and showcased her massive mounds on the deck of a boat in 2000's *The Weight of Water*, her best work. The following year she got down and dirty with smoking comedian **Denis Leary** in *Double Whammy*. Since then, her star and popularity have faded.

Do yourself a favor: Run out and rent these DVDs today. Remember, every month HUSTLER brings you the best in Movie Mammaries. Let us know what you think by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.


LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
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UNDRESS ME

WITH YOUR EYES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

KATSUMI

Porn fans will easily recognize this Eurasian hottie. Half Vietnamese and half French, **Katsumi** has starred in over 140 adult films and won five AVN Awards (including "Best Anal" in 2006) since entering the business six years ago. "I got into porn for all the right reasons," the alluring Parisian proclaims. "I love sex, I love money, and I love all the attention it gives me. If you combine those three elements, you get my perfect occupation: porn star."

Getting **Katsumi** naked is a snap, and so is getting her to talk about how sex varies from a film shoot to her private life. “Well, they both get me off,” she coos, “but I tend to do the more extreme stuff on film, like anal sex. I also love to deep-throat a guy while the cameras are rolling. At home maybe things are a bit softer and romantic—candles, roses, that sort of stuff. In my bedroom there is still lots of oral and screwing; it’s just a bit quieter. You know, I’m bisexual, so I have a lot of threesomes when I’m not working. Nothing beats a threesome. The taste of a woman and the feel of a man at the exact same time is yummy!”

What would **Katsumi** have done if she hadn’t become a porn star? “I hate to even think about that!” she roars. “The adult industry has been very good to me. I’ve had the chance to meet and fuck so many great people. If I didn’t have this dream gig, I’d probably be doing something boring like working in an office. I’d hate that.”

Watch **Katsumi** frolic in *Barely Legal All Stars #4*, *Barely Legal #39*, *Campus Confessions #8*, *HUSTLER Centerfolds #1* and *ProfessiANALS #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

KATSUMI'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Paris, France
AGE: 27
BIRTH SIGN: Aries
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 117
MEASUREMENTS: "34D, not sure of the rest."

"I swear, Debby, every day I seem to get more and more…Dad, not so hard!… like my mother."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

DEAF, BUT UNWILLING TO BE SILENCED

Joshua Feldman reveals how Gallaudet University students made themselves heard through militancy.

In 2006 Gallaudet University in Washington, D.C., underwent turbulent change. At stake: the presidency of the world's only higher education institution whose entire curriculum and services accommodate the deaf and hard-of-hearing.

A fierce internal battle was waged right in the nation's capital. It all started last spring when the Board of Trustees, ignoring the majority of the student body, selected Dr. Jane K. Fernandes to be Gallaudet's ninth president. If you came to Gallaudet and asked a random student to appraise Fernandes, chances are the response wouldn't be positive. She had already been an administrator at Gallaudet for about a decade before being named one of the three finalists in the search to replace Dr. I. King Jordan, the school's president since 1988.

As provost, Fernandes had made numerous bad impressions on students, spurring us to nickname her the "Ice Queen." She seems heavy-handed in her social skills, an important characteristic in the deaf world, especially at Gallaudet. In a crowd, Fernandes hangs back. She doesn't approach people, and much of what she says seems planned and awkward. Also, the student protesters believed that during her reign as provost, Gallaudet's academic standards had been declining every year, and many felt Fernandes was the root of the problem.

When Fernandes was named one of the three finalists, the student body went crazy, making sure our disapproval was heard. We filled out polls and surveys, making it obvious we did not want her to be our next president.

Nevertheless, in May, the Board of Trustees disregarded our widespread opposition and picked Fernandes, angering many students in the process. It wasn't just about Fernandes now. It was also about how the Board had slighted Gallaudet's most important asset: the students. Deciding we would not take it lying down, we marched to the front gates, setting up camp there. We made the university entrance our home,

In October 2006, Gallaudet University students and sympathizers held protest rallies and blockaded access to the campus, demanding the ouster of president-designate Jane K. Fernandes. Many were arrested, with unrest subsiding when a more tenable administrator was brought in.

propping up tents and holding rallies. But the timing was wrong. Within two weeks the university closed for the summer, and many students went home. However, we promised to resume the battle when classes started up again in the fall.

On October 2, about five months after Fernandes's selection, what the world came to know as "Tent City" came back to life. We set up camp, occupying the gates again, demonstrating our belief in a better Gallaudet, which did not include Fernandes.

Two weeks into the protest, President Jordan approved the arrests of demonstrators blocking an entrance to the campus. In all, 135 students, faculty and supporters who believed in Gallaudet's future were dragged away and taken into custody.

But not even a mass arrest could stop us. We proceeded to lock down a building, close all but one of the entrances to the university, and for a few days shut down the entire campus. We had a message to be heard. We would not give up until our demands were met.

Twenty-seven days after we restarted the protest, the Board of Trustees gave in, dismissing Fernandes from the post of president-designate. At last, our message had been heard.

The Board later appointed Dr. Robert Davila as interim president, and he assumed office in January. So far, the response is good. We think Davila will be a good leader who hopefully can help us make a better Gallaudet.

Gallaudet University is still repairing bridges, healing wounds, trying to restore harmony. Meanwhile, Gallaudet's well-organized protesters have shown other students how to exert their power to effect necessary changes that benefit all.

Joshua Feldman is a sophomore English major at Gallaudet University and associate editor of the student newspaper, The Buff and Blue.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@lfp.com*.

GETTING WILD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

SINDEE JENNINGS & T.J.

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF
"WILD THING" BY THE TROGGS

Wow! Check out that superhot chick **Sindee**. She sure looks like a wild thing. Hey, that reminds us of a song…

Wild Thing…she makes our cock sing.
She makes everything *groovy*.
She is a wild thing.

Wild Thing, we think we love you.
You'd make us blow for sure.
Come on and dump that dude.
We want you!

Wild Thing…she makes our pants sing.
She makes everything *groovy*.
She's a wild thing.

Wild Thing…you're doing this guy.
But we know that you want more.
Come on and dump him.
Then show up at our door!

Let's get *groovy*.

Wild Thing…we think
we want you!

BARELY LEGAL 60
See Sindee Jennings burn it up in Barely Legal #60
from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464
or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

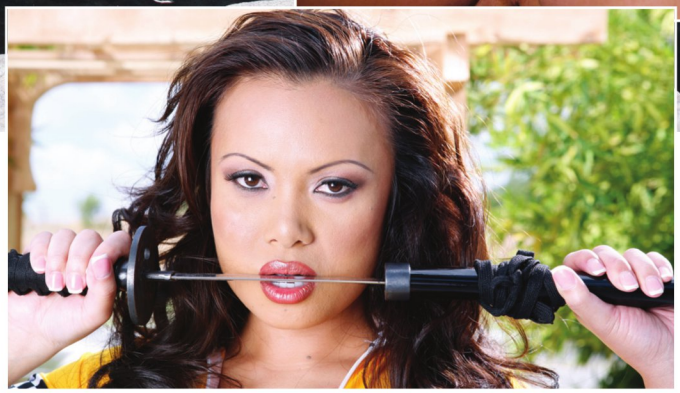
BLUE-MOVIE ★★★★ SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

In **Kill Jill,** Mya Luanna hones her Oriental arts to face titular slice-and-dicer Jill Kelly (top inset).

Ever-alert Jasmine Byrne (above and far left) helps fill the bill.

Kill Jill's April Blossom is a soft touch for Evan Stone's swordplay.



Kill Jill

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** CAESAR BONOBO. **STARRING:** MYA LUANNA, JASMINE BYRNE, APRIL BLOSSOM, DEE, JILL KELLY, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, DERRICK PIERCE & STEVEN ST. CROIX.

HUSTLER contract star Mya Luanna has a take-no-prisoners attitude when it comes to sex. Since Uma Thurman was apparently unavailable for this XXX parody, only someone like Mya could pull off the combination of temptress and badass that *Kill Jill* requires. The fight scenes are intentionally cheesy, and the dialogue is lifted wholesale from old Bruce Lee flicks, but the stars make it work. Mostly, they accomplish this feat by distracting you with their skilled sucking and fucking. Mya's all over the place, but Jasmine Byrne, April Blossom and Dee lend more support than a DDD bra. The only scene *without* Mya features Jasmine (in a fetching schoolgirl outfit) taking it up the ass. Hall of Famer Jill Kelly—cast because her name rhymes with Bill—appears in a nonsex role, but indulges her fans by showing off her 37D rack before (spoiler alert!) succumbing to Mya's "exploding orgasm technique." That'll teach her to mess with Mya. ***—Kevin Wright***

Barely Legal #64: Seth Dickens "disciplines" naughty Mindy Lee.

Kimberly Kane and Evan Stone get pole-itical in the topical **Avenue X.**

"KHAAAAAAAAAN!"—Paulina James feels the wrath of Steven St. Croix (left) and Marco Duato in **Barely Legal #64.**

Trina Michaels (left) and Veronica Jett relish the facials you come to expect at the finest salons on **Avenue X.**

Barely Legal #64

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** ANDRE MADNESS. **STARRING:** HEATHER PRESLEY, MINDY LEE, PAULINA JAMES, PRESLEY MADDOX, TRICIA MARK, SETH DICKENS, STEVEN ST. CROIX, MARCO DUATO, BRAD HARDY & BRAD BALDWIN.

The long-running *Barely Legal* series is still offering up what made the franchise a screaming success: young, perky, naive cuties playing hide-the-wienie, usually in off-the-wall places. With director Andre Madness keeping the action energetic and the girls enthused, Volume 64 is just as fresh and erotic as the first. The opening vignette features covergirl Mindy Lee, a luscious honey blonde with Farrah Fawcett hair, who portrays a chick in trouble with her parents for shoplifting at the mall. The folks bring in a *drill* instructor, Seth Dickens, for some corporal discipline. Mindy starts by giving the guy a nice, no-hands BJ, then is royally fucked in several positions before Dickens unloads on the babe's pale, little seat cushion. Another standout scene involves Paulina James, Marco Duato and Steven St. Croix. Paulina's character is caught taking a package of sex toys from her neighbors' home when they're out of town. The housesitter (Marco Duato) nabs the bandit, and they opt to discuss the matter inside. Soon a buck-naked St. Croix shows up, and Paulina more than makes up for her misdemeanor with some expert community service, giving both men the works. We'll spare the details, but rest assured, Paulina gets creamed for her crime. All in all, *Barely Legal #64* delivers the goods. Here's hoping the series never grows up. ***—James Smith***

Avenue X

VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JOE GALLANT. **STARRING:** KIMBERLY KANE, VERONICA JETT, TRINA MICHAELS, TATIANA STONE, SIMONE, MICHELLE ASTON, DINO BRAVO, TOMMY PISTOL, BRIAN SUREWOOD & EVAN STONE.

If porn producers were terrorists, *Avenue X* would be their dirty nuke. The lead characters risk their lives and sanity to fight 2010's consumerist propaganda with hard-core from the underground. We all must sacrifice to topple American fascism, so Veronica Jett's tight little turd tunnel gets a bestial ramjob, and delicious, doe-eyed Kimberly Kane gets donkey-punched and butt-fucked, ultimately choking on plenty of pud. The stars' incredible bodies are beautifully shot from every angle, and co-stars Simone and Michelle Aston get into some shit with squirting and vibrators that was so sick, I couldn't really tell what they were doing. But cashing in on Twin Towers and Guantanamo imagery will turn some people off, and the film's take on anarchist politics is muddled and juvenile. *Avenue X* works best as parody, and should not be mistaken for a serious anticorporate manifesto. ***—Max Frost***

"They're paying me what?!" Brianna Beach finds Chris Charming at the helm in **Control #4.**

Control #4: Bosomy Whitney Stevens is kept on a short leash by James Deen.

Control #4

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** SHAY JORDAN, BRIANNA BEACH, SASHA GREY, MINDY MAIN, WHITNEY STEVENS, JAMIE LYNN, CHRIS CHARMING, JERRY, SCOTT NAILS, SASCHA & JAMES DEEN.

If you want to see hot newcomer Shay Jordan or self-professed "fuck junkie" Sasha Grey get their freak on, *Control #4* is for you. Sasha (decked out in an eye mask that makes her look like Robin the Girl Wonder, plus a choker with chain) is too much for one man to handle, so the dirty-talking teen takes on two guys. Dual blowjobs, double-penetration and anal from each soon follow, along with Sasha's foul-mouthed running commentary. She seems to be the one in control here. The other babes prove to be more submissive, although there's not too much kinky stuff—just hard fucking and lots of it. Whitney Stevens plays around with cuffs and paddles. Mindy Main dons some fetish gear while tackling two guys, but since she's not as crazy as Sasha Grey, her ass escapes unscathed. Shay has a nice, long scene in which the hottie admirably struts her stuff. Jamie Lynn doesn't even have sex, but her stripteases cleanse the palate between fuckfests. *Control #4* is out of control. **—K.W.**

Prelude to incest: Dorothy LeMay and Mike Ranger as young lovers in ***Taboo***

TABOO FOR YOU REDUX

BY TOM FARRELL

Addictive Entertainment and Standard Digital have rereleased '80s classics *Taboo* and *Taboo II*, the first two entries in Kirdy Stevens's landmark tales of incest and lust. The DVDs are digitally transferred, nicely repackaged and boast interesting extras. *Taboo* features an audio commentary from writer Helen Terrie, director Stevens and leading lady Kay Parker. There's also a gallery of never-before-seen photos and an interview with Parker. Also digitally transferred, the sequel includes a photo gallery, another interview with Parker and trailers for *Taboo*, *Taboo II* and *Playing With Fire*, Stevens's 1983 incest-themed flick.

Filmed in 1979 and made available in 1980, *Taboo* became the first significant blue movie to deal with the subject of incest in a tangible way, painting the relationships as healthy and good. While the title identifies incestual relationships as "taboo," the film itself condones the actions, which are all presented in consensual fashion and devoid of any sinister themes. According to the now-defunct adult-film mag *Adam Film World*, *Taboo* presents the subject matter with "serious passion and excitement."

Taboo's Kay Parker and Ranger keep it all in the family.

Taboo focuses on the sexual awakenings of Barbara Scott, portrayed by then-36-year-old Kay Parker, back in a day when the XXX biz viewed "older women" as sexy. Scott is a sexually naive and dispassionate lady who gets dumped by her husband for his teenybopper secretary. Scott and her teenaged son, Paul (Mike Ranger), find themselves on their own, with Mom opting to take a secretarial job to make ends meet.

The depressed divorcée wanders into a series of unfulfilling sexual encounters before *(continued on page 151)*

Corruption: *Not all pages are gay. Sophia (left) and Kelly Wells heat up the Beltway with Franco Del Toro and Johnny Castle.*

Senator's wife Kylie Ireland does some hearty lobbying in ***Corruption****.*

Prized anal-ist Hillary Scott is always open to political persuasion.

In ***Corruption****'s least scandalous scene, Alana Evans and Tyler Knight "satisfy" their Southern constituents.*

Corruption

SEX-Z PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** ELI CROSS. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, KYLIE IRELAND, ALANA EVANS, SOPHIA, KELLY WELLS, STACY THORN, SANDRA ROMAIN, ARIANNA JOLLEE, LEXI BARDOT, ANNIE CRUZ, VIXEN, JORDAN STYLES, BRYN PRYOR, CHRIS CANNON, FRANCO DEL TORO, JOHNNY CASTLE, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, TYLER KNIGHT, STEVE HOLMES, JENNER, ALEX SANDERS, JAMES DEEN, MARK DAVIS, DERRICK PIERCE, RICK MASTERS, JERRY & SETH DICKENS.

Corruption is a four-hour epic that fuses extreme hard-core with "real movie" ambitions. Hillary Scott's outstanding performance and the Hollywood-esque production values have garnered tons of honors, including seven AVN Awards, while the choking, fisting and erotic gunplay have stirred up widespread controversy. Master thespian and anal queen Hillary Scott, who recently grabbed the AVN Best Actress in a Video Award and Female Performer of the Year, stars in eight of the film's 13 sex scenes. Meanwhile, co-star Kylie Ireland steals the spotlight and stuns jaded porn fans with a scandalous fisting display. Director Eli Cross, also honored by AVN, has crafted a bleak, brutal and disturbing tale that's as much about power as sex. But he also makes sure the rough XXX content stands on its own. *Corruption* succeeds at pushing the envelope—and pushing people's buttons. ***—K.W.***

Corruption*: Alana Evans heartily endorses the affirmative action of Tyler Knight.*

***How Far Will You Go?**'s Monique Alexander, one of the prettiest faces in porn, looks even prettier with Derrick Pierce's dick in her mouth.*

How far down will ravenous Destiny St. Claire dare go?

*Roxy Jezel goes gymnasty on Trent Tesoro in **How Far Will You Go?***

How Far Will You Go?

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** HANK HOFFMAN. **STARRING:** MONIQUE ALEXANDER, CHLOE DIOR, ROXY JEZEL, DESTINY ST. CLAIRE, EVAN STONE, STEVEN ST. CROIX, TRENT TESORO & DERRICK PIERCE.

If the question is *How Far Will You Go?* to see Roxy Jezel grind harder than a teenager trying to work a stick shift for the first time, the answer is "pretty goddamn far." Luckily, you need look no further than this Monique Alexander vehicle from the good folks at Vivid. It seems the illustrious company has reconsidered its long-standing condoms-only policy, letting their girls ride bareback if they choose. Destiny St. Claire and Chloe Dior put their faith in antibiotics with latex-free flings, while sexy contract star Monique opts for a raincoat. Monique's name is rightly on the marquee, but Roxy delivers the coup de grâce. That's French for "blow of mercy," which should be amended to "blowjob of mercy" in Roxy's case. She's an insatiable cocksucker. The exotic Brit is so horny that she wiggles her supple body like a little fucking worm on a big fucking hook. The high production values scream Vivid, but the raw, wild sex screams something else. **—K.W.**

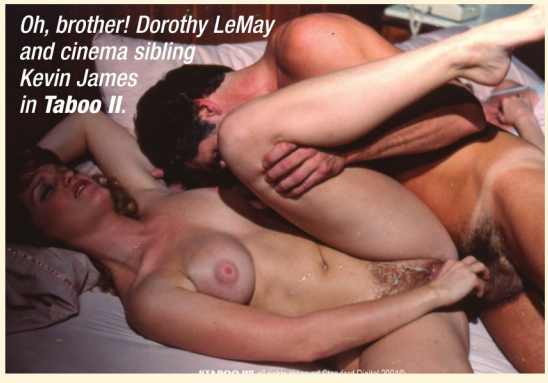
*Everybody grab an orifice! Juliet Anderson (top) oversees a **Taboo II** family affair.*

(continued from page 149) finally turning to Paul for comfort. The film also features another mature but desirable actress, Juliet "Aunt Peg" Anderson, who plays Barbara's sexually liberated best friend. Meanwhile, willowy Dorothy LeMay is cast as Sherry McBride, Paul's horny girlfriend.

Taboo became an instant classic, told in the plot-driven style of Golden Age porn, when XXX was at its closest to mainstream movies of the day. The film also solidified Parker's role in the adult industry, cementing her name in the hallowed halls of hard-core performers. "Kay Parker gives the film class and a strong shot of sensuality," lauded *HUSTLER's Erotic Film Guide* in a 1980 review.

*Another **Beaver Hunt** applicant being interviewed by Tex Hagen? Nope, it's Dorothy LeMay getting pawed by Dad in 1982's **Taboo II**.*

The success of *Taboo* begged for a sequel, which Stevens delivered in 1982. *Taboo II* revives Parker's turn as Barbara Scott, who is now trying to cope after her son leaves the nest. The film shifts the emphasis to the McBride family, mainly Junior McBride, who fills in for Scott's son in her sexual fantasies. Junior, played by relative unknown Kevin James, successfully puts the moves on his sister, Sherry, and eventually his mom, wonderfully portrayed by enticing, middle-aged vixen Honey Wilder. In turn, Sherry seduces her father (Eric Edwards), and everyone lives happily ever after, deftly sidestepping guilt and the need for therapy.



*Oh, brother! Dorothy LeMay and cinema sibling Kevin James in **Taboo II**.*

Hush: Scott Nails introduces DragonLily to the world of deep-muscle aerobics.

Jenna Jameson dons a pink wig for a romp with Jesse Capelli in the disappointing **Jesse Factor**.

Scott Nails and DragonLily find out what happens when **Hush** comes to shove.

Whaddaya mean, you didn't like our flick?

Hush

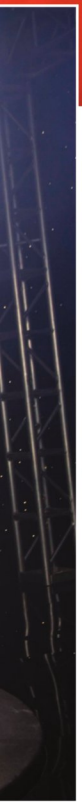
DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** CELESTE. **STARRING:** JESSE JANE, DRAGONLILY, ADDISON ROSE, SHAY JORDAN, CHARLIE LAINE, DAISY MARIE, JEAN VALJEAN, SCOTT NAILS, MARCO DUATO & RICK PATRICK.

Celeste is the best there is at what she does. It's just a matter of whether or not you like what she does. *Hush*, the director's latest "vision," is typical of her oeuvre: irresistible women, sexy music, slick production values, lots of slow motion, and sex that somehow seems soft even when a chick's getting choked. But thanks to Jesse Jane—who stars in five of the eight scenes—and smoking-hot Shay Jordan, this could be Celeste's finest hour (or two). Jesse doesn't have to open her mouth (unless it's to give a killer blowjob) to exude sensuality and sexual chemistry. Widescreen picture and 5.1 surround sound enhance the viewing experience. Unlike most dull behind-the-scenes featurettes, this one snaps, crackles and pops because the girls finally get to talk. Passionate, couples-friendly sex is the name of *Hush*'s game, and the cast delivers so swiftly that they might as well be asking, "What can Brown do for you?" **—K.W.**

The Jesse Factor

CLUBJENNA. **DIRECTOR:** LAURENT SKY. **STARRING:** JENNA JAMESON, JESSE CAPELLI, NICOLE SHERIDAN, KATIE MORGAN, SAMMIE RHODES, SINTIA STONE, SAMANTHA RYAN, BELLA STARR, VOODOO, JEAN VALJEAN, TOMMY GUNN & TALON.

Superstar Jenna Jameson has become the star-maker. The president of ClubJenna will fuck anyone to help Jesse Capelli make it big—especially if it's Jesse! In one of Jenna's last down-and-dirty scenes "for a while," the two babes don wigs and munch rugs. As a ClubJenna contract girl and onscreen lesbian, Jesse has chosen quality over quantity. But this 90-minute rock video is a rare misfire for Jenna's puffy-lipped *hair apparent*. One of the perks of being Jenna is the ability to surround yourself with top talent, from director Laurent Sky to co-stars like Katie Morgan and Sammie Rhodes. But too many flashing lights and quick cuts detract from what little sex there is, while the ultra-glam styling is too slick for its own good. Even anal from Nicole Sheridan and a DP from Sintia Stone fall flat. Jesse fucking Sammie with a strap-on is hot, but not as hot as it should have been. **—K.W.**



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BIG SAUSAGE PIZZA

This take on the sausage-in-the-box caper is an XL disappointment. Yummy girls, all VERY surprised to find the weenie in the pie, but still not worth the price of a Hot Pocket.

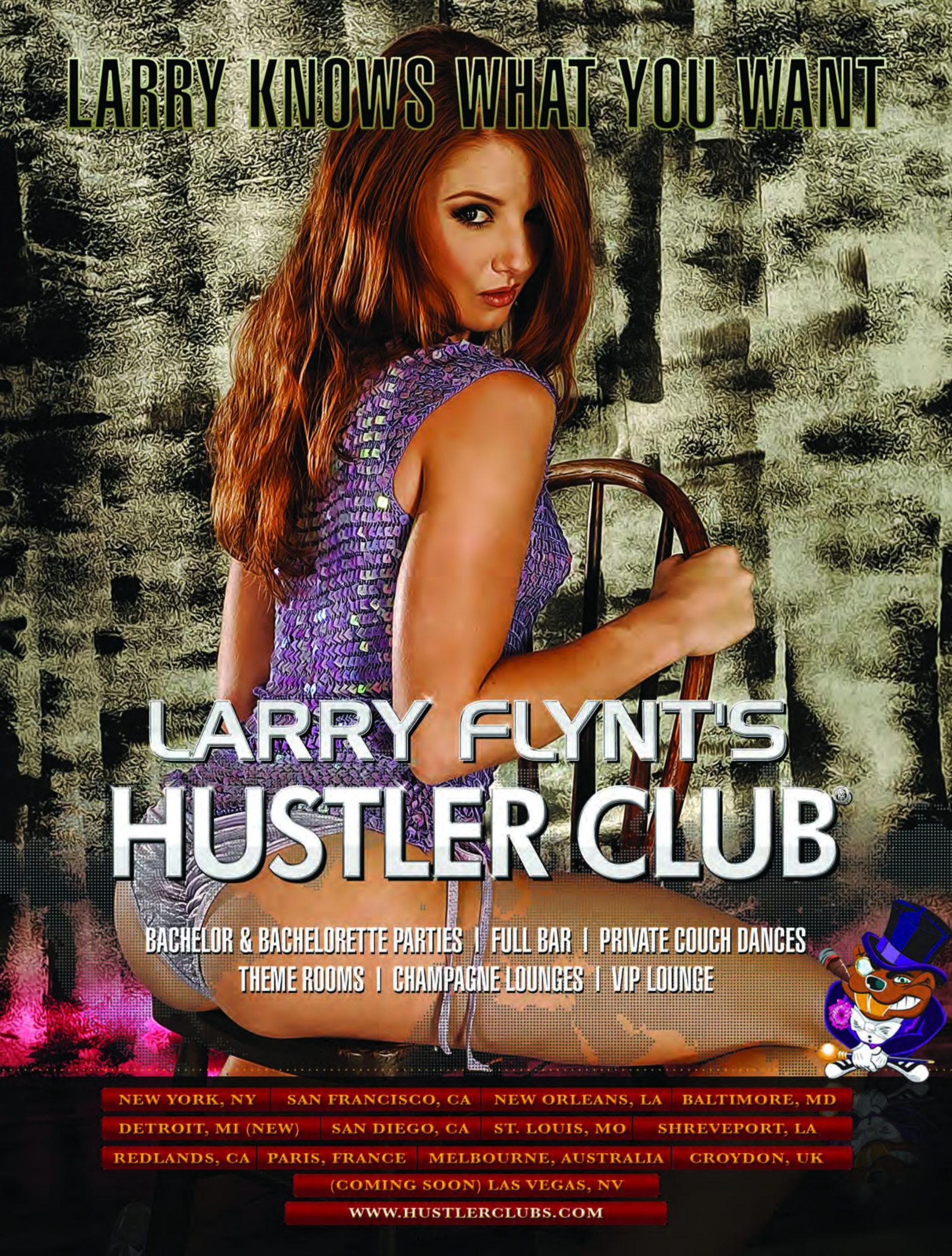
REALITY WIFE

The wife in question is Kari, a gorgeous, vivacious blonde who fucks, sucks and squirts with élan, giving a whole new meaning to Leave it to Beaver... In 75 all original videos, Kari and her husband Chris keep it interesting with creative storylines and cute outfits. Great quality stills and a new video monthly seal the deal. Says Rodney: "Honey - we're home!"

NEIGHBOR AFFAIR

This site's great direction and Desperate Housewives-style plots make it easy to keep it up with the Jones'. On offer - 26 high quality, rod-stiffening movies, with one added per week. Our fave? Perrenial hottie Vicki Vette offering gardening tips to a naughty neighbor, which leads to much tilling of soil and hoeing of rows... Eat your heart out, Wisteria Lane.

Go to SirRodney.com for more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RYAN ANDREWS

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

This perky little thing is tickled pink about finally being a HUSTLER feature model. "It seems like I've been waiting forever to be in your magazine," **Ryan** tells us. "I'm excited that everyone I know will now get to see me naked. For me, everything was perfect because we shot the pictures in a hotel, and that was a real turn-on. The best sex I've ever had has been in hotels. There is something superhot about screwing a guy in a new place. You can fuck all over everything and not worry about cleaning up after."

What exactly does **Ryan** look for in a partner? "You say *partner*, but you mean *guy*, right?" she asks rhetorically. "I'm strictly *dickly*. Girls are pretty, but not for me. In a guy I like a nice smile, big hands and the ability to hold out for a long time. I need to come first."

And how is that best accomplished, baby? "I really love to get rammed doggy-style. When a guy bends me over a bureau and then pushes my face toward the mirror, it makes me come so hard."

RYAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Los Angeles
AGE: "Twentysomething; that's all I'll say."
BIRTH SIGN: Taurus
HEIGHT: 5-3
WEIGHT: 130
MEASUREMENTS: 36D-28-38

When not modeling in the buff or enjoying a randy rendezvous, **Ms. Andrews** is surprisingly low-key. "I know it's going to sound boring," she says, "but I really like to just hang out at home, maybe lying by the pool and enjoying a good book. I love to read. I just finished John Irving's *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, and it was excellent. I think it's my favorite book ever!"

So what lies ahead for this sensational twentysomething? "I would love to get into the hotel business," **Ryan** reveals. "Maybe be a manager. That way I would always be near a room if I needed to fuck!"